FRIENDLY TALES OF FOREIGN TRAILS

WALTER C. WOODWARD

Homewood
Friends' Library
3107 N. CHARLES ST.

Acc. 1162

Call. 914-7

FRIENDLY TALES
OF
FOREIGN TRAILS

FRIENDLY TALES
OF
FOREIGN TRAILS

BY
WALTER C. WOODWARD

THE FRIENDS PUBLICATION BOARD
RICHMOND, INDIANA
1923

COPYRIGHT
NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE
BY
WALTER C. WOODWARD

NICHOLSON PRINTING COMPANY
RICHMOND, INDIANA

TO ALL HIS APPRECIATIVE READERS — THOSE CHOICE COMRADES OF THE SPIRIT WHOSE GENEROUS WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND APPROVAL HAVE EVER BEEN TO HIM BOTH INCENTIVE AND INSPIRATION — THE AUTHOR GRATEFULLY DEDICATES THIS LITTLE BOOK.

HOW IT CAME TO PASS

"WHY don't you republish those travel stories in book form?" "How I wish I had your European letters bound in a book!" Many such expressions came to the writer from the time of the appearance of the stories in *The American Friend* in 1920-1921. Now the Editor lays no special claim to that virtue for which a certain Uriah wished to be known. He turned a deaf ear or at least a "hard-of-hearing" one to these suggestions, not because he deprecated the merit of his own work, oh no! The thing he deprecated was the probable lack of discerning appreciation on the part of the reading public which would prevent it from recognizing that merit!

So persistent were the bookish suggestions, however, that he cautiously began unstopping the deaf ear; sufficiently at least to agree to having the "demand" put to the acid test of the dotted line. The response was encouragingly generous, both on the part of those who had read the travel letters and those who are yet to have that privilege. The author has been especially gratified at the enthusiastic interest manifested by his for-

mer students who, once upon a time, "took" history under him in Earlham College.

And this is why and how these editorial silhouettes of a summer in Europe now appear in book covers. The gentle reader who has followed us thus far will please "turn over" and read the following numbers which appear on the program "by request."

W. C. W.

ACCORDING TO CHAPTER

		PAGE
I.	With Passport and Visa	1
II.	A Happy Introduction to Merrie England	18
III.	The Way to London Town—and Beyond	39
IV.	In Bonnie Scotland	56
V.	Making Culture Hum	81
VI.	"Across the Sands O' Dee"	88
VII.	Adventures in Paris	95
VIII.	Following the Star	104
IX.	Breaking into Parliament	129
X.	Hamburg and Way Points	145

PAGE

XI.

Mirrors of Sorrow 166

XII.

From Berlin to Basel 174

XIII.

In Perils of Visæs 185

XIV.

"Where Alpine Solitudes Ascend" . . . 192

XV.

Including a Social Venture 206

XVI.

Bernese Bears—and Others 214

XVII.

Past the "Vine-Clad Hills of Bingen" . . . 220

XVIII.

An Honored Survival 224

XIX.

Completing Culture's Garland 229

FRIENDLY TALES OF FOREIGN TRAILS

I

WITH PASSPORT AND VISA

SOME years ago an elderly Quaker couple journeyed from a middle western state to Oregon on an overland limited. It was their first extended trip, the experiences of which were all new to them, and to the dear old lady, at least, very disconcerting. When confronted with any unforeseen circumstance, common enough to the ordinary traveler, she would invariably exclaim, "Well, it is a pity a person can't travel without such carryings on!"

One who has never journeyed outside his own country may have read all his life interesting tales of travel from others and yet remain blissfully ignorant of some of the necessary details preliminary to "going abroad." When fully enmeshed in the maze of red tape incident to leaving our dear old Uncle Sam for a few weeks, we were made to exclaim in the above words of the untraveled Quakeress. Since these details, though so necessary, do not lend themselves to fine writing and are always taken for granted, it is our thought that a brief rehearsal of personal experience of what

may be termed the travel preface, may be of interest to the uninitiated.

To illustrate our craving for realism from a slightly different point of view: With novelists and story tellers, shipboard is a favorite setting for affecting romance. We have long had a desire for an inside story from some one who would go behind the face of the returns and suggest the reaction, when, as the billows are tossing high, Mary's facial color scheme makes a swift shift and John's heart yields the floor on a point of order, to a less romantic organ of his stalwart anatomy. Perhaps the good and true diary of the parents of one of our party who, twenty-eight years ago, took their honeymoon on our selfsame ship, the Philadelphia, would suffice to give the long missing link of realism.

But back to our own realistic preliminary "carryings on." First, of course, there is the much coveted passport to be secured, application for which is ordinarily made of one's county clerk. An important item in this connection is documentary evidence that you have been born. If this evidence can not be produced from the records of the county in which this event occurred, an affidavit of admission of the fact by the parents involved is accepted.

Off to Washington goes the application, accompanied by hastily and fearfully made photos whose sorrowful mien give an expression of one's poignant regret at parting from Uncle Sam and other relatives even for a season. We quote the

self-abasing confession of one whose pride has likewise thus suffered destruction:

"One time I went across the sea,
But ere I went, 'twas asked of me
To have my picture taken for
My passport to that foreign shore.
Well, that's all over. But today
I locked that photograph away
Within a secret place, where I
Shall keep it till the day I die.
For there may come a time, I know,
When Vanity shall whisper low
That in this city there may be
Men who are homelier than me;
That this my nose is fairly straight,
Or that my two eyes nearly mate,
Or that my chin is in its place,
Or that, although this battered face
Is ugly, it reveals a glow
Of mind that morons do not show.
When such a day arrives, I trust
I'll have the strength of mind to bust
The locks that guard this secret nook,
And take that picture out, and look
Upon it once, and drive away
The prideful error of that day!"

In the meantime negotiations are opened with the local internal revenue office, looking toward the securing of a statement from the district revenue office to the effect that your income tax obligations, if any, have been met. In the course of time and official procedure, the passport arrives, signed by the Secretary of State.

Finally armed with the talismanic passport, we set out for New York to spend a couple of days haunting the offices of foreign consulates for the

necessary visaes which will admit bearer to the countries in question. When applying for passports "back home" we were blithely told that we might as well enter names of various countries, whether we really intended visiting them or not since it cost us no more and we would then be prepared if opportunity should offer! We therefore named in addition to Great Britain, France and Switzerland, the countries of Belgium, Holland and Italy. One visit to a consulate was sufficient to persuade us to reduce the minimum number of visaes to the irreducible minimum! For Italy we learned that a special passport is required. And as for little Holland—mirabile dictu! To secure the required visa several days' notice should be given, five affidavits and five photos were demanded, together with numerous references, and full information was asked in which the venturesome applicant was made to declare at once his intentions in respect to his visit to Little Miss Holland. The obstacles were sufficient to deter any but the most ardent suitor. We concluded that the difficulties in securing visaes increased in inverse ratio to the size of the countries; that is if we understand what inverse ratio means—we are never sure.

Arriving in New York early one morning, our first visit was to the office of the French Consulate. For about an hour we stood in line outside the office, herded by a grizzled factotum who resembled von Hindenburg much more than he did his own native type. What was our surprise when finally admitted to the consular office to find

indescribable confusion, reminding one more of a morning on the stock exchange than of the reputed repose of the diplomatic service. There was little suggestion of order or system. Among the officials there was much wild jabbering and gesticulating in French, their nervous excitement reacting on the rest of us. Once we got some straight "American." There were applications to fill out—always more applications—asking for references in France as well as in America; names of places to be visited, etc. It was all too forbidding to one timorous applicant who mutely extended the blank to one of the clerks to fill out. "What do you think this is, a charity institution?" bawled the latter. "We're not doing this for our health."

Evidently not, for as we approached the source of babel the word was passed back that a nominal little charge of ten dollars was being made for the visa. As soon as the rumor was confirmed—rapid exit from the line of the dapper, debonaire young man just in front of us, to return another day. All of which served to remind us that we are still in the "duration of the war" and that the French war debt must be paid.

After a little nourishment, we felt equal to another skirmish and headed toward the British Consulate down near the Battery. As contrasted with the former experience, here were complete order, system, and dignity. In giving Devonshire House as our official London address, the official looked up quickly, remaking, "You are going to the Conference, I presume." Friends had evidently passed this way before.

From here we went near by to the Customs Office with our statements from the revenue department, to secure our personal "clearance papers." While waiting our turn a young man was applying for his "release" to return home to Sweden. "What have you been doing over here?" the officer inquired. "Going to school," was the reply. "Haven't been making money?" "No." "No money at all?" "Only one hundred and fifty dollars" waiting on tables, etc., to pay his way as we understood the boy. "Twelve dollars, please." And we were reminded that there is another war debt to be paid.

The writer's official note from the revenue department stated that he is employed by the "Society of Friends." "What's that?" tersely inquired Uncle Sam's representative, as if suddenly suspicious that we might be a member of some revolutionary society pledged to violence—perhaps of the Society of Friends of Irish Freedom going over to join the Sinn Feiners.

And the morning and evening were the first day!

On the day following we negotiated successfully with the Swiss Consulate for a visa, after two visits for the same, whereupon we concluded to write finis to the business of pursuing visaes.

But while busy giving attention to such "carryings on," another vital problem loomed ominously and persistently: what is the best remedy for seasickness; or, attacking the problem "at the source," what is the best method of preventing seasickness? Having taken counsel of many friends,

the following is in part the data which we had on which to arrive at the solution: eat heartily—have nothing in your stomach; keep very still—exercise vigorously; set yourself rigidly and exert your will power—relax absolutely; suck lemons, chew gum, munch popcorn, eat cold beef with strong sauce. Another remedy, prohibitive now, is to eat a raw potato when you feel yourself slipping.

Two or three remedies are entitled to a paragraph each. One prescribes the putting of a penny in one shoe. This we resolved to try since it was inexpensive and did not interfere with the simultaneous working of some other more promising prescription. There was this to be said for it—if it should prove unsuccessful one would at least know when the last thing was up!—a case of cure or "money back."

Another: cover chest and stomach with blue sheet of paper marked with brown lines extending perpendicularly. We presume that the theory of the lines is that of the lightning rod—they distribute the shock.

There remains one remedy which is said absolutely never to have failed. When threatened with seasickness get off the boat and sit quietly under a tree.

Now, gentle reader, what would you do? For us it is no academic question. The issue is upon us. It does seem a pity that one cannot travel without such carryings on!

We can't say it so what's the use? And after waiting all these years for the chance! Who re-

members having ever read a story of a first voyage across the ocean in which the writer failed to tell the folks back home that the ship's officers said it was the stormiest voyage they had made in forty years! And the wildest kind of imagination can't even start us in that direction. On the other hand we may as well confess and be done with it—during the entire voyage the sea has been as calm and blissful as a day in June. And as rare, for the crew and all the seasoned sea dogs, including the pompous and wordy old gentleman who is making his forty-eighth trip, assure us that such a quiet voyage is almost unprecedented. And so, there goes our rough and ready, wild-riding ocean story! But what could one expect? Look at this combination: fifty Quakers aboard the brotherly love ship Philadelphia, on the way to a peace conference! Could the waves of even the Atlantic be anything but pacific? "Out of the trenches by Christmas" might have been realized by the Crusader from Detroit had he but known the combination!

"THREE MEN IN A BOAT"

However there were some of us who weren't taking any chances. Before leaving New York we visited a druggist round the corner from our hotel and laid in a supply of a well known remedy for seasickness. (Considering the price we had to pay we don't propose to do any free advertising here by being unethically explicit.) "Half of New York must be sailing today," exclaimed the druggist, which assured us that our remedy was at least popular, whatever its effectiveness. We read the

directions with great care. They prescribed that the prospective patient take the first dose one half hour before sailing, after which he should recline in repose for a half hour, then arise and enjoy life. There were three of us in our immediate entourage, confined in the same stateroom. After mingling for a time with the throngs at the pier, we quietly and unobtrusively effaced ourselves by concerted action, and withdrew to our stuffy little stateroom in the bowels of the ship. Now there is certainly nothing outbreakingly dishonorable in taking a well known seasick remedy recommended by people of such eminence and renown as Lord Northcliffe. Perhaps it was the maternal implications in the name (Yes, it was Mothersills) that made the procedure seem a little bit puerile. At any rate we looked about us and closed the door, somewhat as we have seen others do when preparing to take—well, not Mothersills. In purported seclusion we swallowed our medicine and obediently assumed the horizontal—"three men in a boat." Presently we were startled into confusion by a rattle at the door and in walked the fourth occupant of our stateroom, a well poised, strong minded Philadelphia Friend. We were fairly caught. "Well," he exclaimed, "this is a great state for three Western Friends to be in after one day in New York!"

As a matter of fact there was no excuse for anybody being seasick. However, some were, and continued to be the greater part of the voyage. To one of these Christian Science was suggested by a fellow passenger. "Christian Science went back

on me this time," was the reply. "It's all right on land but it won't work on water."

For the most part, however, people were on hand for three square meals a day; meals "so square that the corners hurt one's stomach," as one facetious Friend expressed it. At our table all but one were Friends, but it was reasonably cosmopolitan at that with two from California, two from Oklahoma, three from Indiana, two from Philadelphia, and one from Boston, representing six Yearly Meetings.

Of the half hundred Friends on board the following are from the Five Years Meeting, by Yearly Meetings: Mary Coffin, California; Clarence M. Griffiths and son Howell, Kansas (residence in Oklahoma), who together with the former's sister, Lula, at present of Boston, are making a visit to the old parental home in Wales in connection with their attendance at the London Conference; Gilbert Bowles, Japan, and Iowa; Lilith Farlow, Mary Baldwin, Wilma Reeve, Marcia Furnas and Mark Mills, Western; Harlow Lindley and the writer, Indiana; associated with the latter was Miss Emma L. Fetta, reporter on a Richmond paper, who though not a Friend herself, has close Friendly connections. Her regal sway en voyage was forecasted in the prompt way in which she proceeded to make an errand boy of a man in uniform who later proved to be, not one of the myriad of ship stewards, but an officer in the British Navy!

Among the Philadelphia Friends (Orthodox) are Dr. and Mrs. Edward G. Rhoades and daughter Esther; Stanley R. Yarnall, head of the Ger-

mantown Friends Select School, and Irvin Poley, assistant head; Edith Stratton, executive secretary of the Twelfth Street Meeting and other leaders in Philadelphia Young Friends activities including Mary Moon, Margaret James, Faith Borton, Beulah Hurley and Arthur Vail.

Prominent among the Hicksite Friends are Charles F. Jenkins, editor of the *Farm Journal* and treasurer of the A. F. S. C., with his wife and two sons; Dr. and Mrs. William W. Speakman; Mr. and Mrs. Horace Roberts and son and Mr. and Mrs. William C. Coles and son.

FRIENDLY ASSOCIATIONS AND ACTIVITIES

With such a representation we had a good forecast of the spirit and associations of the coming conference. We were pretty well supplied with Commission reports and as one walked the decks past the rows of steamer chairs Friends could be observed more or less diligently at work (or asleep) upon them. We held daily conferences at eleven o'clock in the dining saloon, at which definite topics bearing upon the subjects to be considered were discussed, a different leader having charge of each day's program. These sessions were very helpful in bringing the various types of Friends into closer acquaintance. The ignorance displayed of each other by Friends was amusing but at the same time almost pathetic. "What are you Friends anyway?" asked an "other branch" Friend of one of the Five Years Meeting group. "You are not Hicksite, you are not Orthodox—are you Richmond Friends?" Some of the

Philadelphians had evidently never heard of *The American Friend*—a sadly benighted state—while others identified it with *The Friend* of Philadelphia. It is for the others to speak of the trans-Appalachian ignorance made manifest.

A few non-Friends aboard on hearing of the daily conferences, and expressing interest in them, were welcomed into the circle. One of these was Gypsy Smith, the younger, who is following in his father's steps as a minister. While these meetings were devotional in spirit others held were distinctly so. One was an early morning prayer meeting on the open deck. Simultaneously, inside, a Catholic priest was holding mass. We were impressed by the fact that here we had side by side the two extremes in the mode of worship: on the one hand the very perfection of ritual and ceremony, on the other the silent devotion of the open meeting in the free out-of-doors. And who shall say that one was more sincere and more acceptable than the other? Only He who looketh upon the heart.

On the first Sabbath out, a public service for worship was held in the afternoon in the dining saloon, when the message was given by Gilbert Bowles. The purser, evidently a Church of England man, took charge of the service, leading in the readings and prayers. It was interesting to note the Friends in attendance wrestling with the prayer book and floundering in the responses.

The evening was warm and much given to music as the shades of night drew on. In the "lounge" at the rear of the deck an accomplished

Filipino girl was at the piano. Just outside, the orchestra soon struck up and the dance was on. In the forward parlor or saloon, three or four were about the piano singing popular and old time melodies. And there were wafted on the ocean breeze from the forward deck, where a group of Young Friends gathered, the words and song which seemed to strike just the right harmony—"Heaven and Earth Are Praising Thee."

When it came to the general activities of the boat, such as are common to ocean travel, Friends co-operated heartily. The fact that they were aboard was almost too much for the garrulous, non-pacific old Rear Admiral, but we believe the general attitude of the passengers was given by the old gentleman who was heard to exclaim to another, "Jolly chaps, those Quakers—great bunch!" Whether or not it was from the fact that the women Friends outnumbered the men, we cannot say, but the dining room waiters who observed us in daily conference got the idea that we were a group of Mormon teachers or perhaps foreign missionaries!

From one point of view, at least, the owners of the American Steamship Line are philanthropists: they have not only made four berths grow in one stateroom where two grew (before the war) but they have made more than two prices grow where one grew before. When we were ushered into our tiny "stateroom" (sic) with its narrow little bedlets one above the other on either side, and especially when from the vantage point of the "upper" one of the two uppers we surveyed the

scene of the occupied berths opposite and below, we were forcibly reminded of a visit we once made to the opium dens of the old Chinatown of San Francisco before the fire.

As a matter of fact the writer's ticket called for a lower berth. His traveling companion, whose shadow grows no less with advancing years, had the high upper. When the latter surveyed the height and noted the absence of a "lift," he was ready to enter into negotiations. And as for us, well, we had heard but a day or so before the story of how the late Senator Ollie James, a three hundred pounder or more, once found himself on a Pullman holding a receipt for an upper. The little weazen of a chap who held the lower steadfastly refused to exchange with the Senator. Finally the latter called to the porter in a voice which the owner of the lower berth could hear: "George, is that upper pretty secure?" "Yes sah," replied the Negro. "Well, I wanted to be sure," returned Senator James, "for the last upper I was in came down and nearly killed the fellow below." The porter soon followed the Senator into the smoking room to say, "Senator, that man what has the lower says to tell you that he don't mind sleeping in the upper." Neither did we!

INTERESTING FELLOW PASSENGERS

One much traveled passenger said she had never known so wide a variety of nationalities to be found on the passenger list. The four corners of the earth seemed well represented. Leading in interest among these were two groups of ori-

entals. First, one of three charming and highly cultivated Filipino girls from Manila. One had been studying social service in Columbia University and New York for over a year and was returning after a vacation in Europe to take a position in an orphanage. Another was an accomplished musician, both instrumental and vocal, proving the star in both the public concerts given en voyage. At first they were thought to be Japanese girls. We overheard a skull-capped gentleman talking to a Japanese man and insisting, despite the latter's polite protestations, that they *were* Japanese—he knew they were. When we, having talked with one of the girls, interrupted to say they were Filipinos, he of the skull cap, nothing abashed, turned to the Japanese gentleman with, "How did you know they were not Japanese?" The young ladies were greatly amused when we rehearsed the conversation to them, but one, with a touch of pathos, said it gave her a feeling of sadness to find her country so little known; that scarcely anyone recognized them as Filipinos, and that she heard the Philippines rarely mentioned and little recognized. Thus at first hand we got a little insight into the aspirations of the Filipinos.

Competing with these young ladies for honors was a party of Japanese athletes on their way to Antwerp to participate in the Olympic games. They were a fine set of fellows, deservedly popular. They gave frequent exhibitions of Jiu Jitsu, the devious ways of which are dark and peculiar, and took great interest in giving lessons to their

fellow travelers, including the ladies. The object lessons were very entertaining indeed, when, for instance, one of the little men would easily toss some big fellow over his shoulder. The trainer explained that Jiu Jitsu means literally, "soft throw." We would say that the actual translation is often very free! The athletes took their workouts daily on deck, mornings and evenings. The runners would go through their paces, treading up and down as in a treadmill without moving their position on the deck. One can imagine the picture as the athlete, particularly a sprinter, would assume a speed comparable to coming down toward the tape. It is needless to say that the small boys aboard quickly turned their devotion to an oriental shrine of worship.

One of the most interesting places to some of us was the steerage, very crowded, and made up largely of foreigners returning home to middle European countries such as Poland and Austria. They are going back to see how the old home folks are faring since the war, and many of them think they will stay. As we talked with some of these people and played with their little folks, and as we observed them generally we formed a very favorable impression of them. They were evidently industrious, thrifty people and well disposed. We could with difficulty understand the broken English of the parents but it was different with the children, of whom there must have been one hundred or more, and some fine specimens of childhood too. One pretty, six year old girl to whom we quickly gave our heart, along with some

fruit, sang to us the same little kindergarten, "Happy New Year to You," which we have heard another little six year old sing at home and for an encore gave us "B-i-n-g-o, Bingo was his name," a pleasing and an unmistakable evidence of real Americanization.

Returning to the cabin passengers, they were as a whole a fine lot of people to be thrown with. One who crosses back and forth much told one of our group that this was the first passage he had made when the veil of depression from the war seemed lifted and when the atmosphere of pleasure predominated. And yet there were several going over to France to visit the graves of lost ones. One man who had lost his only son, talked pathetically and even bitterly. "And what for?" he asked. "What for?" And who can answer? We are still very much in the "duration of the war." Evidences of its tragedies are seen everywhere. People are asking more and more insistently, "And what for?"—a question which Friends will attempt to answer, at least to face squarely, in the conference at London.

II

A HAPPY INTRODUCTION TO MERRIE ENGLAND

ABOUT the time the Philadelphia sailed from New York, July tenth, wireless communications gave the warnings that icebergs were breaking up and threatening the ocean lanes. The course of the ship was thus turned southeast for three or four days, on a line straight for Spain. Every little while the temperature of the sea was taken, it being possible to detect the presence of an iceberg thereby, at a distance of five miles. The circuitous course caused us to be some hours behind the sailing schedule.

On the second Sunday afternoon we got our first view of England off Land's End, Cornwall, and for the greater part of the afternoon sailed along the coast off the well known chalk cliffs. And what a delightful hailing introduction it was! A brilliant day had so much to do with the very favorable impression formed, setting off so effectively the greens of the English landscape.

Heading its course toward Cherbourg, France, the Philadelphia came to mooring a little after midnight, instead of in time to allow Paris passengers to disembark on Sunday. Some of us remained up until midnight, watching the flashing of the long string of lighthouses off the French coast as we steamed toward the Cherbourg Harbor. And so eager to catch the first glimpse of

France was one of our little party, usually of staid and conservative habits, that he debated whether to go to bed at all or not. He finally compromised with his eagerness by sleeping in his clothes and tearing out on deck at the dawn's early light, disdainful of the conventional morning shave. "I can shave in Richmond," he declared, "when I can't see France." Such is the rejuvenating enthusiasm of the first trip abroad.

We lost nearly half of our Quaker group at Cherbourg, several to spend some time in Paris and northern France, and some to travel in Switzerland, prior to the London Conference. But even with the prospect of meeting again so soon, the au revoirs were said with evident reluctance, so close and enjoyable had the Friendly associations been.

The delay in schedule was very fortunate for those who remained aboard for the six hours' run due north to Southampton for it gave us the ride in the daytime, favored with beautiful weather again. If a more happy approach to England than the one of the previous day off Cornwall could be imagined, it was that now ours as we made our way along the Isle of Wight, as attractive to the view as it is closely identified with English life and history. For example, topping the highest hill on the Isle as we passed the southernmost point, the Tennyson monument was plainly visible, near where was the home of the Poet Laureate.

Standing with the writer at the rail was a little woman who could hardly contain herself for joy

and enthusiasm. For she and her husband, a Methodist pastor in Kansas, were returning on a visit to their old homeland, accompanied by an eleven year old son who had never seen England. A fine combination they made, his seriousness lightened by her radiant and spontaneous good cheer. Fairly bubbling over she was with the zest of life and we called her the "Parson's Butterfly." She was going home to her aged father and mother, who lived but a few miles from Southampton, and as the distance grew less and less she pictured the mother busily engaged in the old cottage preparing the home-coming meal and, after the manner of her mother and her foremothers, roasting the meat in the old fashioned oven. But as we sailed along the Island, the Parson's Butterfly gave it an attention almost rapturous. Then presently, half shyly—"You will wonder why I am so foolish over the Isle of Wight. My husband and I spent our honeymoon there, and the Tennyson monument was the favorite place with us." Whereupon, under the spell of romance we confided that similarly, though far from the Isle of Wight, we too—but it was about our approach to England that we were speaking!

Arrived at Southampton, the same official formalities were undergone as at Cherbourg—the coming aboard of officials to examine and O. K. our passports and visaes, and when ashore there was the gauntlet of customs officials to run. Six of us—Stanley Yarnall, Irvin Poley, Gilbert Bowles, Harlow Lindley, Mark Mills and the writer—had decided not to go on directly to London,

but to stop off at Winchester a few miles out from Southampton. Our collective hand baggage, some fifteen pieces, was therefore laid out together before the officials. Imagine our surprise when the only suit cases opened were those of Gilbert Bowles and Mark Mills, either of whom should be able to borrow money anywhere on his face. The only explanation we have to offer is that they looked too good to be true. The only object to attract careful attention of the inspector was one of the London Conference Commission reports! Perhaps it was so heavy as to arouse his suspicions concerning its contents.

The customs officials safely passed, we next faced a barrage of typical cabbies and judging from their own appearance as well as that of their ancient looking cabs they could properly be labeled "old English." Knowing neither the ways of cabbies nor their language (Americans who imagine they understand English should have the privilege of trying a round with the King's English as variously spoken at home) and viewing helplessly the assortment of coins and wagon wheels for which we had parted with sane and intelligible United States money, we first trippers gave the power of attorney to Stanley Yarnall, or perhaps we should say made him our diplomatic agent. At any rate he got us to the station whereupon we all went into executive session in an attempt to ascertain, first, how much each of us owed him, he having settled for all, and second to "reduce" the given amount to the terms of coins of the realm which we now held. "For the first time,"

said one Friend, "My wealth is such that I don't know how much I am worth."

INTRODUCING HISTORIC WINCHESTER

It was certainly an inspiration that led us to enter historic England by Winchester, in many ways the cradle of English history. "In peaceful cloistered seclusion, dreaming of past glories and stormy battle-scenes, Winchester lies in the midst of country whose every stone might tell some tale of the chequered history of our forefathers. Looking back to the dim and distant years of antiquity, Winchester was the center of an old-time civilization while London was yet a village, and each successive race of invaders made the place their capital."

But, even amid such surroundings, there are some very present and very practical matters to be considered—the question of hotels for instance. Even here, however, the names of old inns were so suggestive as to relieve the situation of much of its usual materialistic implications. There were the King George, the Black Swan, etc., but all these faded from consideration when we lighted upon the name of the God Begot House. Where else should a group of wandering Quaker pilgrims go? Go there we did, turning in under the quaint sign of "Ye Olde Hostel of Godbegot." And it has full right to its quaintness, dating back as it does to 1052, when Emma, the "Gem of the Normans," widow of King Ethelred, the Unready, and then the wife of King Canute, the Dane, gave the Godbegot manor to the church. In late Tudor

times the house was rebuilt (1558) and remains very much the same house as then. We enter and find a woman as hostess who might have stepped down out of a novel of Jane Austen, whose old home, the one in which she died in 1817, we passed frequently in Winchester. She was a lady and a hostess first, and a hotel proprietress second. Had we had a pleasant voyage; were we well and enjoying our visit, etc.? With all the fine talk of the American hotel magnates about "service," could we imagine Mr. Statler, for instance, coming round to enquire of his guests concerning the safety and pleasure of their journey?

Turning to her assistant, Miss Pamplin says, "Miss Rice, please show these gentlemen Ethelwulf and Ethelwold and William of Wykeham." We look at each other in uncertainty. Have we by mistake wandered into a museum sacred to modern restorations? But as we go up the stairs and along the hallways we read on the doors of the guest rooms not matter-of-fact numbers, oh no, but such names as King Alfred, Queen Emma, Queen Maud, St. Cuthbert, Cedric, St. Swithun, King Stephen and Empress Matilda. Quaint and romantic, is it not? And yet the idea came from American friends of Miss Pamplin! Who knows, therefore, that a thousand years from now tourists from the effete and opulent land of some present League of Nations mandatory, in visiting an historic shrine in Missouri, New Jersey, or Chicago, will not wander into some Lodge or Wilson Begot House, whose hostess will say, "Please show these gentlemen Boies Penrose, Hiram W. John-

son, James W. Reed, William Hale Thompson, Miles Poindexter, James E. Watson, and William E. Borah!"

With time for a stroll before seven-thirty dinner, we set out on a reconnoitering expedition. But before taking our readers with us, in the manner of the cathedral and other guides, we will give a little introductory survey. Winchester is to the historian what a series of buried cities such as the site of ancient Troy is to the archaeologist—except that his treasures are more nearly on the surface. To begin with, the old part of the city exists on the original scheme or plat as founded by the Romans between seventeen and eighteen hundred years ago. After the Romans withdrew following the crumbling of the Empire, the Saxons gradually assumed control, and those who took Winchester settled down in the security of the Roman walled city, tilling their little patches of ground without the walls. After the zenith of Saxon power under Alfred the Great, and his immediate successors, Canute, the Dane, ruled with Winchester as his capital, then came William the Conqueror, and the Normans, under whose iron rule the walls and castle were repaired and greatly strengthened. The city was thus of primal importance in the Roman, Saxon and Norman eras and continued to figure prominently in the reign of later and more modern sovereigns. Thanking you for your kind attention we must now be on our way.

Turning off High Street, which is the old Roman "Principia," and on which is the God Begot House,

we walk under the old arch of the palace of William the Conqueror. Here we fall in with an elderly gentleman who takes great pains to tell us the facts of historical interest and to point out things which we should see. English people are most obliging that way, we observe. Pointing down toward the cathedral grounds he directs us to a grave stone on which we read this epitaph in memory of a local grenadier, "who died of a violent fever contracted by drinking small beer when hot the twelfth day of May, 1764."

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier
Who caught his death by drinking cold small Beer.
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall,
And when yere hot drink strong or not at all.
An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musket or by pot."

After a brief visit to the great cathedral, a mere preliminary call to pay our respects, we discover behind, the picturesque and noble ruins of Wolvesey Castle, covered with ivy and intensely suggestive of feudal England, it playing an important part in the civil wars of Stephen's troubled reign. Its beginnings, however, were in the early Saxon days, and most thrilling of all, it is said that in this old castle King Alfred's "Anglo-Saxon Chronicles" were written, the basis of English prose literature. Here, too, came Queen Mary, on the occasion of her ill-fated marriage to King Philip of Spain. All about the ruins are turf tennis courts, for some of which the ancient walls serve as very substantial back nets. And what wretched tennis is being played with such inspiring background!

Rambling on past Winchester College, corresponding in rank with our High Schools, we pause to see the boys or "men," as even the twelve-year-olds insist on being called, playing at the great English game of cricket. As interesting as the game itself and the players are the "men" looking on at a little distance. On a good play they applaud as decorously as one applauds a commencement oration. But never a rude shout do we hear.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY RUDELY SHOCKED

Dinner over at eight-thirty or thereabouts we started out again, since it is light in England these days until ten thirty, a boon for energetic sight-seers. We climbed St. Giles Hill, a public park overlooking the city and the surrounding country. Just as we reached the top the sun was sinking behind the hills, bathing the Hampshire landscape in golden glory. Here, we thought, is our setting for a little word painting. All we lacked was the poetic and historic name of the hills which framed the horizon. Accosting a native, we asked with thrilled expectancy, "Canst tell us the name of yonder hills o'er which England's sun is slowly setting?" "Oh, those? The golf links, Sir." Curtain! But not before Gilbert Bowles nearly hurt himself with illy suppressed and very unpoetic mirth. And we gat us straightway down the mount to the sympathetic and appreciative associations of Ye Olde Hostel of Godbegot, where we slumbered in historic harmony under the auspices of Ethelwulf.

Having planned to attend the morning service in Winchester Cathedral, it was well that we spent

some time first in seeing and studying the latter. It may not be so renowned as some, and may not rank so high from an artistic point of view. But to the lover of history it yields to none in its challenge to the imagination. Think of the historical associations of a cathedral, in the crypt of which is an old well dating back to the Roman occupation, and in whose walls and under whose floors, were laid away various worthies, including Saxon kings, Hardicanute the Dane who "died as he stood at his drink," and very many churchmen, among them, St. Swithun, Alfred the Great's teacher. One among the worthies, William Rufus, successor to William the Conqueror, who was killed by an arrow from an unknown hand while riding in the New Forest, was buried in the center of the Cathedral, "many looking on and few grieving." Not long afterwards, the cathedral tower fell through, crashing down on poor Rufus, the event being interpreted by the people as a mark of divine displeasure upon giving sanctuary to the remains of so wicked a man.

Moreover, the very architecture presents the history of England, with the suggestions, first of the pre-Norman, in the oldest part of the Cathedral, then the Norman, than which a finer representation is said not to exist. Later, in a revulsion against all things Norman, the English type was developed as found in the nave, the longest in Europe, St. Peters in Rome excepted. On the whole, "it was built to be to Norman England what the Temple had been to the Jews—a central expression of the nation's faith—the place dedicated

to the consecrated worship of the conquering race." It was with this background that we attended the stately, ceremonial service, performed by the cathedral dignitaries in regalia, the singing being done by the black gowned choir boys of the Cathedral school. The entire service, prayers and all, except the Bible reading, was in chant and song. During the first part of the hour, curiosity and an objective interest were uppermost in the writer. It was all so strange, so formal and, to us, so unreal. We could easily get the point of view of George Fox and even of the Puritans, the effect of whose militant repudiation of "popery" is to be traced in the unseemly violence done the English cathedrals. But after a while there began to steal over us a partial sense of what this Cathedral with its service means and has meant in the long centuries gone, to those whom it has touched. It stands as a monument to their highest aspirations, itself an act of worship on their part. The most of the beauty which they could create, was consecrated to Christ and His church. Beauty was a part of their adoration—as it *should* be of ours. And so, although we could not follow in the chants, we were able in part to join our spirit with that of those who had there found in their day the same hallowed presence which is our need today. And after all, does it matter so much *how* that presence is found? The day has come when we must apologize for the violence done by the sincere and earnest but too narrow viewed Puritans. They displayed their animus by defacing and destroying buildings and objects. Do we do so much better

today, we who are too prone to show no less plainly our animus against opinions and people because we do not agree with them?

Near the Cathedral, in fact hardly separated from it, is Winchester College, one of the great English preparatory public schools which in America would be called an academy. From an American point of view too, the term "public" is a misnomer. There seem to be three kinds or grades of schools in England—the elementary for the children of the poor, the secondary for the middle class and the public for the sons of "gentlemen." The requirements for attendance at Winchester are very stringent and the four hundred seventy boys, particularly the seventy in residence, represent the best English intellect. As we were being shown about by the porter he pointed out a passing curly headed youth as "Mr. Hasketh's (Asquith's) son."

A CASTLE FULL OF HISTORIC MEMORIES

Among the castles built by William the Conqueror, none rivals Winchester Castle in historic importance, a part of which is still to be seen in the Great Hall of the present Castle in which English Parliament met for four hundred years, during the time of which the foundations of English constitutional liberty were laid. We were particularly interested in the opening in the wall back of the speaker's seat, through which the king, unobserved and undetected, could listen to what was being said. The "king's ear," the aperture was called. In this Hall Sir Walter Raleigh was sen-

tenced and here the unspeakable Judge Jeffreys held forth. In this Castle, royal princes were born and foreign rulers received.

Of striking interest in the Hall, hanging high on the front wall, is the reputed top of King Arthur's famous Round Table. Naturally, no one can vouch for its authenticity, although records are extant six or seven hundred years old, referring to this very table as Arthur's. Since the writer failed to discover among the names thereon of the twenty-four knights, that of one of his dim, distant progenitors whom family tradition places on very intimate terms with King Arthur, he is inclined to repudiate the whole thing as a bald fiction!

Hard by the Castle is the Westgate of the old city wall, constituting a huge arch through which runs the principal street of the city, the arch being on the site of that of the old Roman one. The proportions of the wall and arch may be partly realized in the fact of the large room above which has been set aside as a museum of medieval relics.

Situated about a mile out of Winchester are St. Cross Church and Hospital, established nearly eight hundred years ago, and giving an excellent occasion for an exhilarating walk into the countryside. In the beautiful old church we saw the altar of Thomas á Becket, at which Crusaders stopped as at a shrine, on their way to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel.

Of prime interest however is the Hospital foundation, established by Bishop Henry de Blois, founder of Church and Hospital, to support

"thirteen poor men, (brothers) feeble and so reduced in strength that they can hardly or with difficulty support themselves without another's aid." The foundation was increased by Cardinal Beaufort five hundred years ago, and the purpose of both foundations is still carried out. As a result, one finds here in the heart of modern England a truly medieval enclave. Opening on a very attractive court are a number of cottages or apartments, in which are cosily supported retired priests or brothers, (Church of England) some with their wives. The venerable brothers wear their distinctive medieval caps and gowns, black or red, in thorough keeping with their surroundings.

Cardinal Beaufort likewise had thought for the wayfarer, leaving an endowment whereby everyone who passed that way could have a horn of beer and a piece of bread. Owing to the high cost of living, the "Wayfarer's Dole" is now served in reduced portions and is a dole indeed. In fact we were told that in the course of the day the dole frequently runs out and ye hostess of God Begot urged us to go early and avoid the rush. Friends may readily guess therefore the quick and long limbed strides with which Gilbert Bowles set the pace for us in his eagerness to arrive in time for refreshments at the porter's lodge!

We wandered back cross country through the meadows, crossing the little valley of the Itchen river and climbing St. Catherine's Hill, back of the city, the highest point in the district and affording a commanding view of the surrounding country. Near the brow of the hill are the great

earthworks marking the site of the ancient struggle waged between Briton and Roman "to have and to hold."

Our way back to town was taken beside the winding Itchen, along which Isaac Walton, whose home this was and who is buried in the Cathedral, got his experience from which he wrote "The Compleat Angler," through which he became the patron saint of all devotees of the rod and reel. Poor fishermen ourselves, we did tribute to "the Perfect Angler" in the name of Levi T. Pennington, the most enthusiastic and ardent of Isaac's followers whom we know.

A DISSERTATION ON THE BRITISH CURRENCY

Gathered again around the board of Ye Hostel of God Begot for the last evening meal in Winchester, we asked for our bill since we were leaving early in the morning. Ye hostess presented it in one account—and then our troubles began. To divide into equal amounts the sum, in what to us were still semi-incomprehensible terms—that was the problem. We figured and figured until all but us had fled; the shades of evening drew on; the blinds were lowered, the feebly flickering lights came on, before the doubtful solution was finally agreed upon.

The English system of exchange, like Topsy and like English institutions generally, "just grew." It was said of the Bourbon kings of France that they never learned and never forgot anything. The English learn, even though they do it by "muddling through," but apparently they never forget. What

they learn is added on and the old retained. Their system of currency isn't a system at all; it is archaic and without rhyme or reason, except for the fact that it offers a species of entertainment to those tourists who are given to working out puzzles. To begin with it seems simple enough with twelve pence one shilling, twenty shillings one pound. Just when you are used to pricing suits of clothes in shop windows in terms of pounds, and making lightning (?) mental calculations in terms of dollars at the day's rate of foreign exchange, you see a suit priced in terms of guineas, whereupon you learn that a guinea contains one more shilling than a pound. In another window, the price will be marked in neither pounds nor guineas but in shillings and pence, even up to more than one hundred shillings. Whereupon some rapid fire work in mental division and reduction. Then there is the florin, equal to two shillings, but before you feel on really intimate terms, here comes a half crown of two and a half shillings, and if perchance the coins are so worn as to make their names illegible you measure them to establish their identity. In smaller coins, smaller in value, there is the ponderous copper penny, which recalls the dear dead days beyond recall when iron was the medium of exchange, and aboriginal shoppers sallied forth to bargain sales accompanied by ox team and cart to draw their loose change. If some skeptical reader suspects the comparison to be altogether too fanciful a flight of imagination, he should see the city bus conductors making change. Obviously with such

a hodgepodge currency they cannot use the simple slot devices which are carried by American street car conductors. Instead, suspended from their necks by stout halter straps are what appear to be horse feeding bags, into the depths of which they delve and paw until peradventure they find the change desired.

Similar in appearance to the penny but smaller, but still twice as large as our penny piece, is the "hay-penny." Parenthetically, if an article is worth one penny half, the price will be called to you as three "haypen-ies." The lowest term in calculation is the farthing, or one-fourth of a penny. In the silver small coins there is the half shilling or sixpence about the size of our ten cent piece, and the "thrippence," half that size. We have by no means exhausted the subject but this elementary lesson will suggest something of the problem which confronted us American wayfarers gathered about Ye God Begot dining table at work on our hotel bill.

With the writer at least there was the additional anxiety as to whether he had enough coin of the realm to take him to the next seat of the money changers, this by-stop not having been anticipated when we got some exchange on the boat before disembarking. His fears were groundless however, since he arrived at Salisbury with a whole haypenny to the good. Here we had our first experience after landing in converting our traveler's checks into British currency. At one bank those of us with American Express cashed at the rate of $3.95 for the pound, while one of the

party with American Bankers paper, got the better rate of $3.82 at a nearby bank. With true Yankee thrift we of the American Express returned to our money changer, briefly setting before him our case. Looking at us rather blankly he said, "You want more money, then?" We confirmed his impression whereupon he told us to return later in the day, giving him some time to figure! He did so and we did so return, thereby adding slightly to that which we already had.

To students of cathedral architecture, the Salisbury Cathedral would easily hold first place among the attractions of this old English county town of Wiltshire, situated in southern England about twenty miles west of Winchester. It stands a work of grace and beauty, the best representative perhaps of early English architecture, unmixed with other forms. Its tower, reaching four hundred forty feet, is the loftiest cathedral tower in the Isles. The edifice dates from the middle of the thirteenth century.

The quaint old town, with the Poultry Cross at the center, reminder of the medieval poultry market, is full of interesting suggestions. In Winchester it was the Butter Cross, near which stands the imposing monument of Alfred the Great. Students of English literature view Salisbury with appreciation as the home of Addison and Fielding and as the place of printing Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

To the historian, the town itself yields in attraction to its environs. And as history held the chief interest of our party, now consisting of Har-

low Lindley and Mark Mills, of the faculties of Earlham and Guilford respectively, Gilbert Bowles and the scribe, we spent most of our time on Salisbury Plains. Chartering an auto, we set forth eagerly for Old Sarum, known in English political history as the rotten borough par excellence. Briefly, if we may be permitted to turn history teacher again, we have here a further illustration of the British tendency to muddle along, letting well enough or ill enough alone. The old basis of representation in Parliament remained practically unchanged for hundreds of years. Thriving cities came into existence with no representation, while old constituencies whose inhabitants had disappeared altogether, continued to send members to Parliament. Not until the great Reform Bill of 1832 were these so-called rotten boroughs, of which Old Sarum was the best known, deprived of their ancient representation. Old Sarum's most eminent contribution to the personnel of Parliament was in the person of the elder Pitt in his first appearance therein in 1735. It was the largest entrenched camp in England and one of the most sightly; first a Roman stronghold, then a Saxon town and later a mighty Norman fortress, one of the "eyes" of William the Conqueror. The massive walls of the lofty-seated castle remain, surrounded by two immense moats, the outer moat being about three-fourths of a mile in circumference. Not the least suggestive is the castle dungeon which survives intact. We recall the word sent back by Senator Ingalls of Kansas in response to a message stating

that his home had burned: "I hope you saved the well!"

When surveying the imposing remains of this impregnable medieval fortress, we had a new appreciation of the old saying that a man's home is his castle. We have scarcely been more impressed anywhere than by the ruins of Old Sarum. Its keeper, however, who referred familiarly and flippantly to William the Conqueror as "Billy, King Billy," seemed rather shockingly inappreciative of his historical associations.

STONEHENGE—AND A MODERN SACRIFICE

Reluctantly descending Old Sarum, we rode on through fertile rolling fields to famous Stonehenge, situated in the heart of Salisbury Plains. Ancient sun temple, perhaps, of some unknown or forgotten race, Stonehenge is the English enigma to historians and archaeologists. It was formerly popularly associated with the ancient Druids, but later studies give it a much earlier setting, as early as 1700 B. C. On the day before our call Stonehenge was visited by a large group of archaeologists, two of whom were digging for bones and things while we were there. The huge, sutured monoliths, arranged in two concentric circles, are truly imposing, their height entitling them to the name of Stonehenge or "hanging stones." The leaning pillars are being righted by machinery, and underlaid with cement foundations.

One of the huge stones, lying flat, was pointed out to us as the sacrificial altar. This was too much for our senior Professor who must needs

step upon the altar for a little more intimate appreciation of the setting. He got it. The stone was slick and the Professor was not rough shod, and in a trice his length was nicely measured horizontally, a bonafide if not an impressive sacrifice on the altar of historical appreciation.

The return ride to Salisbury was made over a most picturesque road, winding about through indescribably quaint villages and along the Avon river. In the afternoon we "booked" for London, third class. We had hardly seated ourselves in our compartment before a much uniformed "guard" said he had another compartment for us to ourselves, and following him we were soon ensconced in a first class. Very fine, although we were a little doubtful as to the modus operandi, further than the obvious tip. Next day in a London shop, this remark was overheard: "Don't you know that only third class ticket holders ride first class?" We are learning.

III

THE WAY TO LONDON TOWN— AND BEYOND

IT IS the customary thing we believe for Americans to speak in derision of British train service. We have no such inclination. In some respects we found it inferior to ours and in others superior. England and America obviously demand different types of service, a fact that should be taken into consideration when criticisms are being given. Whatever we may say therefore is from this point of view, although we may emphasize the things that appeal as strange or different to an American.

As we enter the depot and look for the ticket window we are at a loss for a little while until we see others going up to the "booking office" to book for their destination. We step up, look through a window, discovering a little hole cut therein, through which, by bending the upper half of our anatomy to an angle of about forty-five degrees, we can convey our request, as through a "speak easy," to the ticket seller for a third class ticket to Waterloo. (When going to the great metropolis you buy tickets, not to London, but to the station through which you enter, as Waterloo, Victoria or Paddington.) "Single or double?" the agent will probably inquire, by which question he is not seeking information as to your marital status—he wants

to know whether you want to buy one way or round trip.

If you have the money you can get a ticket at the booking office, but don't expect to get any information along with it. Perhaps the one thing that impresses one most in English employees and officials is their lack of general information, and with it a lack of resourcefulness. We recall for example, giving a package to a hotel bell hop to deliver to a nearby shop, explaining to him that it was within a block of the hotel, and on the same street. In the first place an American bell boy would have known the shop. Imagine our reaction therefore, when, after having directed him to the place, within stone's throw, he replied doubtfully that he would deliver the package *if he could find the shop!*

But we are speaking of booking agents. They will sell you a ticket, but are not supposed to know anything about when you can get a train to the place the ticket calls for. And as to trying to give you a connection—whoever heard of so unreasonable an inquiry! And what is worse, there is no one to whom you may go with assurance for information. There is no information bureau, for the reason, one is almost led to believe, that no one could be found qualified to man such a bureau. The traveler must purchase a book of time tables and work out as best he may his own schedules.

Going out onto the platform one may look in vain for someone who knows whether it is his train that is on the track or not. Accosting a porter, he replies, "What do you think I am—a

guard?" The guard himself—if you can find him —may know and he may not. On the whole a feeling of uncertainty hovers over the traveler which gives the journey a very distinct element of adventure.

Once ensconced in your compartment you close your eyes in momentary relief, and silent thanksgiving, and when you open them, behold you are on your way! Can you imagine an American train starting up with a movement so gradual and easy as to be inperceptible? We can now appreciate Arnold Bennett's remark, to the effect that English trains start with the stealthiness of a bad habit.

COMPARTMENTS—COMFORTABLE AND COMPANIONABLE

We like the compartments by which British and continental railway coaches are divided into cross sections. They are comfortable—much more so than our day coaches, and they are more companionable. It is possible for a group of from eight to twelve friends to travel together therein as a private party. Or, traveling alone and wishing to establish points of contact with interesting people, a railway ride of any distance in a closed compartment of two facing seats, gives excellent opportunity which we continually enjoyed.

One is not subject to much interruption, either, from train officials. In fact not as much sometimes as an alien traveler might wish. One may frequently ride on an English train on which no conductor or guard is in evidence at all. No stations are called on the train, which means that the

stranger must scan anxiously the flying panorama of names and advertising signs, as the train approaches a station, in a frantic effort to pick out the name of the town. Sometimes the platform guard calls out the station as the train pulls in. If the passenger is in doubt, or wishes to make a quick eleventh hour shift, having learned by intuition or otherwise that he has wandered into the wrong train, egress is quick and easy from the compartment side door opening directly onto the station platform.

TICKET PUNCHING AS A RECREATION

At some station or stations a few times removed from your destination, your compartment door will be opened and some official will step in from outside and punch your ticket. We presume that some one knows when, how often and by whom this function should be performed but its irregularity leads one to doubt the existence of such knowledge. At one station our door was opened, and a girl in ordinary, conventional attire stepped in. We were just about to sit over and make way for a new fellow passenger when she held out her hand for our ticket which she punched and hopped out again. We don't know yet whether she "belonged" or whether she was playing conductor. In either case she didn't hurt the ticket in the least and we were quite willing to accommodate her.

The locomotives look very much like toys to an American, but they pull long trains at good speed. But the freight cars are the most striking of all,

reminding one of pictures he has seen of the first trains ever pulled over rails by locomotive power. The little wheels—well, it is to laugh. Eight tons marks the average freight car capacity. On one car, however, we noted, "ten tons—if well distributed."

Here we are at Waterloo at last, July twenty-first, and as we leave the platform our ticket is taken up at the end of our journey, rather than at the beginning. We enter the tube or subway and book for Liverpool Street, emerging from which we find Devonshire House just opposite.

At once we found ourselves in the presence of familiar faces and of familiar names of Friends whose faces were soon to become familiar. The Editor looked forward with especial eagerness to meeting J. Wm. Harvey Theobald. What a welcome that would be on the basis of our pleasant associations when he visited American Friends last year, during which time we generously (!) featured him in *The American Friend!* What were our feelings therefore when, fixing his eyes on the defenseless Editor, far from home and well enough mindful of the fact, he declared with unction that he would like to take said Editor off to some quiet spot and strangle him! Such is the thankless job of the publicity agent! Seeing J. W. H. T. in action on his native heath is to realize more than ever that he is a man with the courage of his convictions. Since we were registered at the Devonshire hotel in close proximity to the office of our outraged friend, it may readily be under-

stood why our sleep was fitful. At any rate it seemed expedient for us to spend the weeks intervening before the Conference, in travel.

We had planned a provisional schedule for a nine-day trip through Northern England, Scotland and Wales. We say provisional, since we had counted on the expert assistance of a friend or two in the Friends Central Offices, one a Fellow of the Royal Society of something or other indicating profound knowledge, who, with interests kindred to our own, historical and otherwise, could naturally give us the last word in the perfection of our itinerary. When we presented our "brief outline" he stood aghast at our audacity in attempting so ambitious a program within the time given. And then—and then, he admitted that as for himself, he had never been in Scotland!

ON PERSONNEL—INTRODUCING THE RESEARCH PROFESSOR OF TIME TABLES

It is on a bright Saturday morning that we are to leave London by express train for the north country. And right here we may as well explain who "we" are, since it is evident that the continued use of the editorial "we" may easily involve unfairly the Editor's traveling companions. Hereafter, therefore, the writer will not hesitate to make himself chargeable with a violation of journalistic etiquette, even to the extent of using the personal pronoun singular.

We are three—the same trio who invoked the quieting auspices of Mothersills that day in the hold of the Philadelphia. As night brings out the

stars, so do the exigencies of travel bring to light the special personal gifts or capacities upon which rests the system of the division of labor. By this time therefore, each of us had his particular work cut out for him.

The dean of our little party was the widely known Earlham Professor; widely known as an historian but not so widely known as a specialist in train schedules. He has a mania for time tables. Many has been the time when he and the writer have been walking along the street of some city, when of a sudden the latter found himself deserted. Investigation would prove that the Professor had darted into a railroad office or a hotel lobby to grab another R. R. folder for light reading. Hasn't a poet or somebody said something to the effect that "he, while his companions slept, was toiling upward in the night?" It wasn't toil for the Professor—he was eagerly devouring time tables. The only complaint we remember to have heard him make of his parents was that they rather resolutely headed him toward Christian Education, nipping in the bud that aptitude for the intricacies of railway transportation, the development of which would undoubtedly have brought him to the presidency of some great transcontinental system, or—to the window of some information bureau. So much by way of explanation to show how greatly favored were we in having with us a transportation expert who rose serenely above the maddening maze of British travel connections. Furthermore, his appetite for train schedules was matched only by the thor-

oughness with which he digested Baedeker. So, always heading our little procession, behold the Professor, his pockets bulging with R. R. guides and under his arm or in his hands held before him, after the manner of the gridiron hero tearing down the field with the ball, the red-backed Baedeker.

Number two, he of the gospel forename, was also a college professor, a Guilfordian, but one caught young enough to be rather easily adaptable as the utility man of the party. In the first place he is a farmer—an agriculturist in fact. As a college professor he leans heavily toward economics, thanks be, for it is here that he quickly established himself as indispensable. It would have been hard enough to keep our communal accounts straight even under an enlightened currency system. Under the archaic British system—well two of us threw up our hands in despair at having to divide a hotel bill of 1 pound, 13s. and 11d. into three equal parts. But our Farmer-Economist took to such intricate calculations as readily as did the Professor to time tables and became, thereby, the money changer.

Bernard Shaw was nasty enough to say that "they who can, do—they who can't, teach," which is about as true as some other things Bernard has said in his haste. We would vary his aphorism sufficiently to say that "they who can't—tell about it." And here of course is where the Editor comes in, bringing up the rear as the humble chronicler, the Boswell of the party. But again how fortunate the party in having as its Boswell

so true and exact a reporter; one who could be depended upon to tell his story with soberness and exactness, with no suggestion of colorful writing and with no hint of exaggeration.

And faithful is our Boswell to his task even at personal sacrifice. For even now, while he has been diligent with his pen, his two companions have gone on to the station, promising to hold a seat for him. And when he arrives he finds that companions, seat and all have taken the first train on, leaving him to his meditations and to a day's journey alone, bereft of the inspiring presence of his Johnson.

There are some advantages in traveling alone. When you are with congenial friends you are inclined to follow the line of least resistance, giving your attention to them rather than making the acquaintance of resident fellow travelers, conversation with whom gives insight into the life and thought of the country through which you are traveling. This original observation is the observation of a philosopher and is post facto and whether or no partaking of the nature of fermented grapes, was amply proven on that long day's journey from London to Edinburgh.

HOLIDAY TRAVELING COMPANIONS

Among others in the compartment with me from London to York was a young married couple starting out on what was perhaps their first summer holiday together; a clean cut young man, an instructor in a London Technical School, on his way to a summer school to finish work for an ad-

vanced degree; an "old timer" who took an hourly nip from a hip pocket flask for the medicinal qualities of the contents, descanting meantime on the undemocratic spirit of prohibition. It was the beginning of the holiday season in England and travel was heavy. The English refer to the summer vacation period as "the holidays" as definitely as we in America use the term in reference to the Christmas holidays. Their stores announce big holiday sales and a general spirit of restlessness and festivity prevails. It was the feeling of holiday spirits that the Old Timer radiated freely!

The English express trains are observation trains de luxe. On these the compartments do not extend clear across the cars, but are bounded on one side by a corridor extending the car's length. The outside wall of the corridor is the glass plated side of the car itself. Opening out from the compartment on the outside are two windows and a glass door; on the inside, into the corridor, windows or glass doors or both—and then as before mentioned, practically one whole side of the car made of glass. What a fine vantage is thus offered for viewing the country as we go flying through!

SURPRISES OF THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

And the English landscape certainly justifies the vantage afforded. It is uniformly the most attractive we have ever seen. The rolling hills, the lush meadows and the grain fields, ever interspersed with beautiful woodlands, make a picture ever welcome to the eye. Two or three surprises

awaited us in connection with this English landscape. On our introduction to it in Southern England we were struck by the broad, uncheckered expanse of country that met our gaze from hilltop points of observation. We had expected to see England, that is the cultivated areas, cut up into mere truck patches, but here were great open fields that would do credit to western farming in America. We Americans are so accustomed to thinking of the British Isles as so small in comparison to our own country that we lead ourselves to rather grotesque ideas. To one who takes it for granted that he can get from almost anywhere into London after evening dinner, it comes as something of a shock to find that it is a good day's trip on a fast train from the Scotch border to the metropolis. Even in our swing around the circle —and we did not get into northern Scotland—we traveled some fourteen hundred miles.

The second surprise, closely associated with the first, suggests an incident that a returning Englishman told us on shipboard that beautiful Sunday afternoon on which we first sailed along the chalk cliffs of Albion. Looking across over the Cornish open country he told us that he was once in company with an American woman who, getting her first view of England even as we then were, exclaimed her surprise at seeing the country so sparsely settled; as though she had expected to find the population crowded to the very edge of the precipitous cliffs, with a frequent splash into the sea due to the relentless backing off process; we laughed, out of politeness; and also as

a sort of "immunity bath," for the fact is we had already been experiencing the same surprise. And the surprise grew upon us. Here was a small country (England alone is almost the same size as Michigan) with a population nearly half that of the whole United States, yet, so far as the rural districts were concerned, there seemed to be comparatively few people living on the land. We understood of course that in England those who till the soil, live not on the farms, but in nearby villages, yet the villages did not seem more numerous than one would find them in a ride through our Middle West country. We also marveled at the heavy yield of the land that had been cultivated through the centuries. Whether hay or grain, we beheld crops that would be a revelation to the average American farmer.

CONCERNING THE OLD TIMER, HIP POCKETS AND PROHIBITION

After a while the Editor finds himself in company with the Old Timer and the Tech teacher, viewing the flying landscape from the corridor, and conversation naturally ensues; naturally as regards the Old Timer, from unnatural inspiration. Learning that I was from America (Sherlock Holmes is not absolutely indispensable to Englishmen in distinguishing Americans. Mar-vel-ous!) the subject of prohibition was broached. The Editor did not intend to argue the matter. Our Old Timer proved to be so full of misinformation, however, that in setting him right as to facts concerning prohibition in America, a discussion was

all but inevitable. But it was useless to argue against that flask in the right hip pocket. Englishmen don't wear left hip pockets, else there might have been two flasks to argue against. For the sake of international comity the Editor shifted the conversation from prohibition to—yes, we admit that we should have had a guardian along—to Ireland!

So we gladly turn from conversation to scenery again, meantime having passed through a countryside of great historical interest. That little country town back there was none other than Scrooby, the shrine of the Pilgrim descendants in this their tercentenary, where was the first Pilgrim congregation, ministered to by Pastor John Robinson who later led his little flock to Holland. And ten miles distant is Epworth, the source from which emanated another great religious movement a century later.

FROM NEW YORK TO OLD YORK

On riding through England one wants to stop off at almost every town or city, so rich are they nearly all in historical associations. But to pass by York—that were impossible. Historically, its interest leads us far, far back into the third century when a babe was born here on the outer rim of the Roman Empire, who became Emperor but who is known to the world, not by the Roman Eagle, but by the sign of the Cross—Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor. All down the centuries York has played a stirring part in the shifting panorama of English history. The great city wall, now a favorite promenade, suggests its

ancient strength and importance. Ecclesiastically, it is the northern capital of the church, being the seat of one of the two archbishoprics. In general it is the center or capital of a large district of northeastern England.

Crossing on Lendal Bridge the Ouse river running through the city, the first call after leaving the train was made upon York Minster, one of England's noblest, greatest cathedrals, its admirers claiming for it "one of the finest Gothic interiors in the world." The organ was playing when we entered, the beautiful music adding greatly to the general impressiveness. Had we the soul of an artist, a poet, and an architect, all in one and with a pen to match, we would endeavor words of appreciation; as it is, mute, we pass on.

THE QUAKER CAPITAL OF THE NORTH

Near by we ascended to the top of Clifford tower, grim monument of martial, medieval days. It was marked Number Forty in the local guide books, and, strangely enough, adjacent to the tower and marked as Number Thirty-nine, we found—a forbidding castle? No, the Friends Meeting House! Just as we approached the door, out came a venerable Friend who introduced himself to us as John Precious. He seemed much pleased to meet us and took us into the Meeting House through which the caretaker showed us with much pride. In pointing out a few old treasures in the library, second to none at Devonshire House, or words to that effect, we were made to feel that in York, English Quakerism as well as the Estab-

lished Church, has its northern capital. In the city, in the very shadow of York Cathedral, is the Friends Bootham school for boys, and on the outskirts, the Mount school for girls, the students of both attending Friends Meeting in York. And then, a half hour's ride or so out is well known Ackworth school.

Alluringly inviting are the narrow, winding streets, of which "the Shambles" is the familiar exemplar, which a visitor enters in a real expectant spirit of discovery. Quaint and picturesque, lined with queer little shops, they make one feel as if he might be going to market three hundred years ago. But more interesting than all were the people crowding the streets and open places that Saturday afternoon. Hundreds of men there were, standing about as if waiting for something to begin. Inquiring of one or two what was on, we learned that there was no special occasion, the crowds representing but the usual Saturday afternoon social assemblage. It was the one time while in the British Isles that we were in a crowd that had John Bull written all over it. Here were typical English country gentlemen who might have stepped down out of the pictures or the classic columns by which we recognize them, as truly as they had just stepped down from their traps or dogcarts. Great was our regret that we had not the time to linger and listen among them.

Since the afternoon is passing and we are yet about one hundred and fifty miles from Edinburgh—and bed, we must be on our way. And a pleasant way it proved to be. For, as we neared

the Scotch country, the Editor found himself in a compartment in which all but him were Scots. There was an Edinburgh University woman, returning from a fortnight's holiday at Whitby. Scotch? Bruce was in her name and an academic degree or two after it; also another lady, vivacious, with the merriest laughing eyes, accompanied by her little niece, a braw Scotch lassie. There was the bloom of the brilliant heather in the cheeks of all of them, and the flowering of Scotland's finest spirit in their hearts. And we must not overlook Sandy, the rollicking, big hearted, irrepressible sailor boy, returning home after months at sea, having been "all fed up with knocking about." Sandy kept the ladies in an uproar of merriment with his sallies of wit and anecdote, but his Scotch was beyond our comprehension. The ladies were good to interpret him for us and from that they proceeded to give the American a few primer lessons in Scotch dialect and phrases. Without committing himself as to the dialect the Editor is free to say that he was strong for his dear teachers.

It was a charming country we were riding through, including names well marked in English annals: Durham, the old bishopric with quasi-regal powers which, in the old days, acted as a buffer between England and Scotland. A splendid view we had of its magnificent Cathedral so outstandingly located. Soon after we passed through Newcastle-on-Tyne, the eastern terminus of the great Roman Wall of Hadrian, which, built to hold back the Picts and Scots of the North,

marked the extreme northwest line of the old Roman Empire.

As we approached the Scotch border, the spirits of my traveling companions rose visibly to meet the presence of their own dear Scotland. In all their extravagant expressions of praise there was much of fun and raillery to be sure, but in the flashing eye and exultant voice could easily be felt the deep devotion to the rugged homeland that has contributed so much to the higher, finer life of the world. We were so carried along in the high tide of enthusiasm that when we crossed the Tweed at Berwick, and a beautiful crossing it was, we felt something of the thrill which animated alike the rough and gallant sailor lad and his gifted and cultured country-women.

It was a radiant evening and as, with the azure sea on our right, we beheld a glorious sunset over the Scottish horizon to our left, and kindly and cordially welcomed as we had been, we deeply felt the auspicious introduction to Bonnie Scotland that was ours. With such company it was indeed a "braw bricht nicht, the nicht" that saw us into Edinburgh, as we Americans pronounce it, or Edinboro as it slips easily from the lips of its own people, or Edinburry from Sandy the sailor lad, or "Auld Reekie," the familiar nickname applied to Old Edinburgh.

IV

IN BONNIE SCOTLAND

SCENE—a corner of the big dining room in the North British Hotel, Edinburgh. Time—Sunday morning, July twenty-fifth, 1920. Personae—three Friendly wayfarers, seated at the breakfast table. Open on the table before the Professor is a book from which he is intently reading, his companions maintaining an attitude of respectful attention. It is an impressive picture, eloquent of the day—until the close observer notes that the backs of the book are red!

From the breakfast table we look off down famous Princes Street and across to lofty Edinburgh Castle, which range of vision marks the direction of a Sunday morning walk. Very fittingly, before we have gone far we pass a noble statue of Sir Walter Scott, whose glory and whose tradition are so dear to this country. Scott-land it is indeed as we are reminded at almost every turn.

Crossing over the old ravine, now beautiful sunken gardens, to the old city, we ascend the winding streets which lead us up to the Castle, impregnable citadel of Old Edinburgh. It is still garrisoned as in days of old, when Mary Queen of Scotts gave birth therein to King James, but on this quiet, restful Sabbath morning the stern-looking, plaid-kilted Scotch laddies on sentry duty, someway seem out of place. It is only by thrust-

ing one's thought back through the centuries that their forbidding presence may be reconciled. It would be real enough to those Friends of ye olden day who were imprisoned in the Castle, among them a maternal ancestor of Sir Walter himself. And it is this same ancestor, Sir John Swinton, who is credited with having had much to do, while thus imprisoned, with bringing to an acceptance of the Quaker faith none other than Colonel David Barclay, then in garrison there, father of Robert Barclay.

As a matter of fact, Sir Walter's paternal ancestor, removed by two greats and one grand, was also a persecuted Quaker, to whom Scott makes this reference in the introduction to his great novel, "The Heart of Midlothian." "When the Prelatists and the Presbyterians of old times went together by the ears in this unlucky country, my ancestor—venerated be his memory!—was one of the people called Quakers, and suffered severe handling from either side, even to the extenuation of his purse and the incarceration of his person."

Descending from the Castle we pass down historic High Street, led as usual by the Professor, our walking Baedeker. Our particular and immediate object of search is the scene of the aforementioned novel, admittedly one of the great English classics, in which has been immortalized the name of Jeanie Deans. We are looking for "the Heart of Midlothian," the site of the old Tolbooth or prison for debtors and criminals. And in the brick-paved street or court in front of St. Giles Church we find a heart marked in commemora-

tion. The Professor finds to his delight that he can stand thereon and in the clear—big hearted Midlothian!—and thus strikingly foundationed, he opens and reads aloud from his red backed Baedeker, oblivious of the smiling circumambient spectators awaiting the opening of St. Giles' doors.

A SIGNIFICANT SERVICE IN ST. GILES

St. Giles has been and is to Scotch Presbyterianism, to Scotland, what St. Pauls, for instance, is to England. We felt that in attending services here, we would be getting in touch with the heart, the soul of Scotland. And so we joined the crowd pressing at the entrance and made our way inside. It was a half hour or so before the service was to open, affording us opportunity of appreciating the effect of the beautiful Cathedral and of feeling its atmosphere. For here John Knox had preached and what thronging reflections follow in the train of this simple statement!

And how significant the text of the morning: "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations.....and lo, I am with you always." How expressive, I thought, of the faith, the spirit, the noble history of Scotland; of little Scotland with her marvelous contribution to the world's weal through her great prophets and preachers, her missionaries, her devoted scholars and writers, her philanthropists, her philosophers. And her contribution is not a matter of mere history either. This fact was brought home to me the preceding afternoon when I learned that each of my women traveling companions had a brother in the foreign

mission field. As fitting accompaniment to these reflections and to the text and its implications, arose the words of the hymn, as a prayer—

"Spirit of the only Wise,
Thou in Whom all knowledge lies
Reading all with seaching eyes—
Hear us Holy Spirit.

Spirit guiding to the right,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might—
Hear us Holy Spirit."

Leaving St. Giles, we wandered on down through Old Town toward Holyrood Palace. And what an Old Town it is! We shall always remember it for two things at least. First, for the "holes in the wall" leading from either side of the street back into mysterious looking courts and corridors. Each of these entrance ways is called a "close" and each is dignified with a name. Second, for the multitudes of children which throng these Old Town streets and passageways.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHIZING NOW AND THEN

How suggestive of the tragic Highway of history was our Sunday morning walk along High Street of Old Town, if we may philosophize for a moment. At one end, on its rocky eminence, high above all popular appeal, the military castle, the birthplace and safeguard of royalty; at the other end, the royal palace, symbol of privilege and luxury. Connecting the two and supporting the two, the populace, barely existing in squalor and need. Occasionally, when a situation has become notoriously bad, St. Giles has raised a voice of protest

against iniquity in high places. Just off of High Street in Old Town we found the symbol of continuous living testimony against the principles underlying this old order. It is known in connection with a settlement for the betterment of the poor people of the neighborhood. It was a Friends Meeting House.

"ON ARTHUR'S SEAT I'LL MAKE MY BED"—
OLD SONG

Passing along out of Old Town, we headed toward an inviting climb, and in the footsteps of Sir Walter who says: "If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semi-circular rocks called Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the southeastern side of the city of Edinburgh.....This path used to be my favorite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favorite author or new subject of study." And between these two sentences is a page of eloquent description of the panorama which the ascent unfolds.

Across the glen and high above the Crags, looms Arthur's Seat, which vantage point of observation of southeastern Scotland was our goal, to be attained only by dint of real climbing. Now the blue prints of plans and specifications outlining the physical construction of the Professor, did not provide for mountain climbing. Quoth he, raising his eyes from afar, "The Lord do so to

me and more if I go up. Selah." Yet by cautious, tender and diplomatic conducting, his companions gat him up, though not at the head of the procession. And for the once Baedeker was manifestly inadequate.

CALLING UPON QUEEN MARY AND THE COVENANTERS

On the return to the city we visited Holyrood, the palace home of the stormy petrel of Scottish history, the beautiful, bewitching Mary Queen of Scots. There is something of a morbid curiosity which leads one through the halls and haunts of royalty, when marked as these have been with marital infidelity, stratagems and assassination. It was a different atmosphere we breathed therefore when next we visited Greyfriars churchyard, sacred to the memory of the devoted and heroic Covenanters who gave their lives for the cause of "true religion" in Scotland as opposed to the counter currents of Popery.

While wandering about in the old churchyard, on a stone slab in which was signed the now historic National Covenant in 1638, whom should we run across but a party of American Friends in the persons of Prof. and Mrs. William I. Hull and two daughters, of Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, and J. Lawrence Lippincott and wife and two daughters, of Riverton, New Jersey. All of us united in paying homage to the memory of Greyfriars' Bobby. We are frank to say that it was the story of Bobby that took us to Greyfriars, and we doubt not that Americans are continually

visiting the scene of the little dog's devotion, as a shrine of loyalty, who never heard of the National Covenant.

A DAY WITH SCOTT ON THE BORDERS

On the following day we three, in company with our Friends just mentioned, made a delightful auto bus tour of one hundred miles and more through the Sir Walter Scott country of the Scotch borders, southeast of Edinburgh. Stopping at Galashiels for lunch, our first real visit and principal one was made at Abbotsford, the beautiful home of the "Wizard of the North," now maintained as a Scott museum. Parenthetically, the tariffs asked of tourists would suggest that the management might still be paying off Sir Walter's debts.

Most attractive is the country hereabouts, and what splendid views presented themselves as we wound about the picturesque roads, up and down, and back and forth across the Tweed! We passed the ancestral home of Sir Douglas Haig, our driver quoting for us the family couplet—

> "Come weal or woe, whate'er betide
> There'll be a Haig at Bemmerside."

Perhaps as perfect and artistic an abbey ruin as can be found in the Isles is that of Melrose. It is also peculiarly a Scottish shrine in that to it is entrusted the heart of the national hero, Robert the Bruce. From Melrose we journeyed to Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott is buried. These last two visits, with their inevitable lectures, had fed us up pretty thoroughly on abbeys, which, how-

ever, could not keep us unmindful of the fact as evening drew on that it was a long time since lunch. Our enthusiasm rose accordingly as, arriving at a typical village, we stopped at the sign of the Black Bull tavern for tea.

Afternoon tea is supposed to be primarily an English institution. But for real afternoon tea go to Scotland. The Editor came under conviction in England but it was across the border, and, to be specific, at the sign of the Black Bull, that he became a convert to the beneficent ministration of the cup that cheers but not inebriates. Of course we were hungry and a little chilly (of which more later) and were good subjects for gastronomic propaganda. But oh, my dear readers, when castles and abbeys and literary shrines pale in oblivion, our memory must still linger over the joys of that sitting in the old tavern, from which we rose leaving the Black Bull gaunt and shaken in the loss of some four cups of exquisite tea, something less, but not much less, than a score of perfect rolls and delicious cakes and good jam to correspond both in quality and quantity.

One of the chief attractions to the taverns in the British Isles, and sometimes about the only one, is to be found in their terminology, for the most part zoological. We like it. As compared to our Commercials, Nationals, Imperials, Jonesvilles and matter of fact hotel names, how much more appealing the Rising Sun, White Swan, Golden Fleece, Black Horse, Golden Lion, Red Rooster, Eagle and Child, Peacock, etc.

Our friend, Charles F. Jenkins, of Philadelphia,

who made an extensive tour of the English countryside by auto, has the following to say in an article in the *Friends Intelligencer* concerning English tavern names:

"You turn out of the side road which leads off of Wattling Street to Fenny Drayton, George Fox's birthplace, on the borders of Leicestershire, at the Red Gate Tavern, which has for a sign a small red gate swinging in the breeze on an unusually high pole. These tavern signs of rural England are a constant source of interest to the cross country traveler. How many Royals, and Queens and Prince of Wales, there are, no man can tell. Every nobleman who has a tavern near his entrance lodge, has his name swung high in the 'Warwick Arms,' etc. All the nice animals in the ark have been used to individualize some wayside inn or village drinking place. Lions, Unicorns, Swans, Peacocks, Black Bulls, Black Bears and Sorrel Horses are very popular. The 'Three Choughs' stumped us in Cornwall, until we discovered chough is the name of the Cornish crow which has a red beak and red legs. Even in the large cities the big hotels still cling to their ancient names with their flavor of coaching days.

"One of the members of our party made a little list of unusual names of inns as we drove through the country. It included The Quiet Woman, the Lion and Cat, the Black Boy, the Hop Pole, the Artichoke, the Dun Cow, Hit or Miss, Merry Month of May, Hope and Anchor, Adam and Eve, the Wind Whistles, the Happy Return, the Angel, the Seven Stars, and many others."

But after all, the proof of the tavern is in the eating. And while of course the preparation of dishes was sometimes different from what an American is used to, one can do very well—for a time; and for a good long time in Scotland where they certainly do know how to prepare good things to eat—along about tea time!

Is this not rather strange, speaking of eating: that in spite of the fact that we look upon the English as our own near relatives, we found their cooking (speaking of public eating places only, since the writer's experience was limited to them) more foreign and less palatable than that of continental countries. If the relation existing between a man's heart and his stomach is as close as popularly supposed, what about the much talked of Anglo-American good understanding and fellowship? Here, at least, is some good food—for reflection.

"RECEIVING THEM UNCROSSED AND PASSING THEM CROSSED!"

The English use a greater array of dining implements than we do. For instance, when essaying their method of eating dessert with a fork in one hand and a spoon in the other, and the two in simultaneous action, we felt a new sympathy with the little one at home just learning to feed herself. As one of our party aptly put the case for us, it was a matter of not letting our right hand know what our left hand was doing. It was a good deal like the old game of passing the scissors —they would get crossed in transit.

But the thing that we craved most and which we had continually to fight for in connection with our meals was—drinking water. As for themselves, Englishmen, like continentals, don't use it. Yet continuous association with Americans certainly acquaints them with our wishes and one would think they would accommodate us accordingly. But that's not an Englishman. If it isn't his way, it is no way at all and not worth considering. A friend of ours accosted a tavern keeper in this wise: "I can tell you how you can make a big hit with your American guests and it will cost you nothing. Supply them at the table with drinking water." "Well, perhaps that might be done," answered mine host of the tavern, "but—it's a peculiar idea." On one occasion, on going into a tavern for lunch—it was after noon—we actually found a pitcher of water on the table. When the waitress came in we asked her whether the water were fresh. "Oh yes," was the reply, "it was brought in this morning."

With a local option election coming on we found the Scotch public much exercised over the preservation of something stronger than water. Just coming from America where prosecutions were frequent for selling drinks stronger than the Volstead Act allowed, the news note in an Edinburgh paper read strangely—to the effect that a dealer had been prosecuted for selling whiskey under strength!

Edinburgh is a delightful city in which to spend a few days touristing. It is beautiful. It throngs with romantic and historic associations,

and offers ample opportunities for healthful recreation. It is not exactly a seaside resort it is true, but if one longs to go rocking on the billows, Edinburgh offers something "just as good." We know from experience. Having been assured that one had not done Edinburgh and environs thoroughly until he had had a fish dinner at the Peacock on the Newhaven water front, we set out in search of the Peacock. Hailing a tram, we ascended to the hurricane deck, and this is more than a mere playful, figurative allusion. As soon as we were well under way, the old boat began to rock, and being seated at the bow we got the full effect therefrom. We had at no time experienced so much motion on the way over on shipboard. We made a quick grasp, mentally, for our reliable Mothersills, but it had been left behind. We recalled immediately, however, the possession of a Neptune tablet and thus assured we finished the cruise in comparative peace of mind—and stomach.

Judging by its midsummer temperature, we would hardly recommend Edinburgh as a winter resort. One is surprised at the piercing coolness until he realizes that the city is in the same latitude as such shivery places on the map as Labrador or Bering Sea and Kamchatka. Neither did the power of suggestion make it seem any warmer, when, as happened now and then while we were shivering and shaking betimes, some native in our compartment would call for more fresh air, exclaiming at the hot and sultry atmosphere which he prophesied would certainly bring a storm! During one or two days at London when it was just

about warm enough to be comfortable, our English Friends were gasping and making a fuss generally over the oppressive heat! There is enough of Tom Sawyer or Peck's Bad Boy in us to have made us wish for the power to switch on some sure enough August weather from way down in old Indiana—just to see what would happen.

Leaving Edinburgh one afternoon for Stirling, we crossed the Firth of Forth on the great bridge declared by the French engineer, Eiffel, to be one of the greatest achievements of modern engineering. In the Firth is to be seen a fine collection of antiques in the way of captive German ships, both war and merchant. A little farther on we passed through Dunfermline in Fifeshire, the birthplace of Andrew Carnegie.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BOYHOOD'S SHRINE

Going to Stirling was very much like going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of our boyhood hero worship. Immediately on arriving and locating at the Golden Lion, we set out for the scene of Bannockburn where on June twenty-fourth, 1314, Bruce sent the magnificent army of Edward II flying back in confusion across the border and thereby won independence for Scotland. How we had revelled in the story of the prowess of Bruce as demonstrated on the eve of the battle; of how, mounted on a little pony, he had ridden out in front of his army to reconnoiter, armed only with a battle ax; of how a rash English knight, thinking to take the Scotch king unawares, bore down suddenly upon him on his heavy charger, ex-

pecting to run Bruce through with his lance; and of how the latter, waiting quietly the onset, quickly turned his pony so as to evade the lance, and then rising in his stirrups dealt the knight such a blow as to crush his iron helmet and hurl him from his saddle, dead. In the boy's mind, which was running very strongly to ponies along then as his parents were only too well aware, the Scotch king was made to divide his laurels with his unpretentious but faithful little mount, which did its part so well in this valorous incident.

Here we were this beautiful late afternoon, on the very ground of this heroic chapter of Scottish history. The setting is entirely worthy the scene. We were on a slight eminence, the site of the stone and standard of commemoration, with fertile fields falling away from us on all sides. Before us is the little valley of decision in which the English cavalry floundered and fell in the hidden pitfalls prepared for them by the resourceful Bruce. On the other side the Scotch army had been drawn up for battle and the rise behind is Gillies Hill, down which the Scotch gillies or servants rushed, and, terrifying the English with the thought of reinforcements, turned the tide of battle. Off up there in the distance to our right is Stirling Castle, frowning defiance from its lofty promontory.

THE RULING PASSION

As we stood there rapt with the scene and the spirit enveloping it, there arose from the valley the martial strains from a bagpipe, the first we had heard in Scotland, the audible expression of Ban-

nockburn! To some unknown Scotch laddie we pay our meed of gratitude for having given the perfect, finishing touch to an afternoon with our boyhood, heroic memories.

The spirit of Bruce and Bannockburn has been well caught by Burns in stirring verse:

> Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
> Scots, whom Bruce has often led,
> Welcome to our gory bed
> Or to glorious victory.
>
> Wha for Scotland's king and law
> Freedom's sword will strongly draw
> Free-man stand or Free-man fa'?
> Caledonian, on wi' me!

As we moved away with the stirring strains still lingering in our ears, we had not words with which to express the inspiration, the ruling passion of the hour. Not so with the Farmer-Economist. Gazing over the heroic scene he exclaimed in an abandon of ecstatic feeling, "A fine stand of wheat there!"

Thus rudely the mystic chord was snapped, whereupon we began to think in terms of the Golden Lion and food and betook ourselves back to Stirling. At the dinner table with us sat an Englishman who spoke freely his impatience with the Scotch for his inability to understand them. He almost snorted his disdain, not to say disgust, declaring he would rather undertake to understand a foreign tongue outright. While we had been experiencing some of the same difficulties, tact forbade telling our English friend that these difficulties were not appreciably greater than

those we had experienced in understanding some of his own countrymen. We realized in England for the first time how much intonation and accent have to do with "getting" the words of a speaker. How often did we find it almost impossible to understand English people, not because their pronunciation was different, but because of their inflections of speech. We like their softer, more liquid voices and do not wonder that our more rasping, nasal tones get on their nerves—as did the strident strains of a passing boy scout bagpipe band upon the exposed nerves of our fellow diner—critic of all things Scotch.

AN EVENING STROLL WITH "SCOTTISH CHIEFS"

Dinner over by eight, we had full two hours of daylight before us in this northern clime, and set out for the imposing Wallace Monument, which stands, sentinel like, on a high hill or mountain overlooking the town. A beautiful, winding, wooded pathway led us to the summit, to be brought suddenly face to face with one of the noblest, most substantial memorials which we have seen. Here breathed we again the spirit of "Scottish Chiefs," which had so stirred the boy with recital of heroic deeds and which had moved him to unashamed tears over the misfortunes of Wallace and his devoted Helen Mar.

We begin the ascent of the Monument, on whose successive floors are to be found galleries of pictures, etc., setting forth Scotland's heroic history. Up, on up, we go, two hundred steps and still on up, until at last the top—and what a mag-

nificent panorama is spread before us! Below us the entrancing valley of the Forth which is continually looping the loop in its magic maze of winding wanderings. And gradually rising from the foothills, the darkling mountains, marking the evening's encircling horizon. Off yonder, the Grampians, recalling the lines playfully quoted in season and out by an elderly friend of my boyhood, long since gone beyond life's hillcrest to the plains of peace—

"My name is Norval.
On the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks."

The panorama before us is historical as well as physical. Below us on one side is a pile of stone which marks the foundations of Scotch nationality in the ascendancy of the Scots over the Picts attained in 843 under their king, Kenneth MacAlpin. Within our range of vision are a half dozen or more battlefields, including Stirling Bridge, Falkirk and Bannockburn which were factors in the long struggle for Scottish freedom. As at Winchester we felt that we had explored the very heart of English history, so now we found at Stirling the hidden springs of the national life of Scotland.

Next morning, shortly after we three had seated ourselves at the breakfast table, we were joined by our English friend of the previous evening. The morning was murky as had been his disposition the night before, but as if to make amends he hailed us in greeting. "The same to you!" quickly replied the Editor, inwardly shaking hands

with himself in congratulation that he had beat his companions in catching John Bull's greeting and passing one back in kind. The Englishman gave us a stare which brought the second sober thought—and we realized that his words of greeting had been, "A nasty morning, this!" Next time we counted ten!

"MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS"

What would a trip to Scotland be without at least one day in the Highlands? And for tourists whose time is limited the Trossachs trip gives this day. The Trossachs is the name of the district traversed, the name meaning the rough or bristled country. It is arranged so that one may leave either Edinburgh or Glasgow in the morning, completing the trip by evening. In going up from Edinburgh to Stirling the day before we had merely camped over night on the Trossachs trail.

After a morning visit to Stirling Castle and a stroll down through the old town, we took train for Callander. Here we found coaches and four (euphony—there were only two) by which we soon found ourselves winding our way through the lower Highlands, midst the heather and the bracken, skirting a lake here, penetrating a deep shaded glen there, always under the sentinel gaze of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, Ben Venue or some other frowning, uncompromising Ben. For were we not by our very, very English names proclaimed aloud as hated Southrons? And what is an Act of Union to these dour protectors of the Scottish clans, these dour protectors, who, like

other rockribbed Christians we have known, may forgive but never may forget.

One needs only to know well his "Lady of the Lake" to be well guided through the Trossachs, for this is the heart of the Lady of the Lake country. We pass close by the spot pointed out as the scene of the memorable combat between Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu. And as for the description, the following lines have rarely been surpassed:

> From the steep promontory gazed
> The stranger, enraptured and amazed.
> And "What a scene were here," he cried,
> "For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
> On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
> In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
> On yonder meadow far away,
> The turrets of a cloister gray;
> How blithely might the bugle-horn
> Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
> How sweet, at even, the lover's lute
> Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
> And, when the midnight moon should lave
> Her forehead in the silver wave,
> How solemn on the ear would come
> The holy matin's distant hum,
> While the deep peal's commanding tone
> Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
> A sainted hermit from his cell,
> To drop a bead with every knell—
> And bugle, lute, and bell and all,
> Should each bewilder'd stranger call
> To friendly feast and lighted hall."

If the inimitable landscape did not proclaim our whereabouts, nor the difficult dialect of our coachman, nor the shrill lament of the bagpipe

which pierced the stillness of the leafy glen, we would still be able to locate ourselves by grace of the characteristic long-horned Highland cattle and the black-faced sheep which were seen grazing on the uplands.

Our day's coach ride was first broken, following a stop for lunch, by an hour's ride on Loch Katrine, on the Sir Walter Scott, appropriately enough. On board we found Dr. Edward G. Rhoades and wife and daughter Esther of Philadelphia, they having come that morning from Edinburgh but by Aberfoyle instead of Callander. The ride on lovely Katrine was followed by another coach ride, this time over bleak moorlands, and in the face of a brisk breeze, which, however, but prepared us for afternoon tea at Inversnaid. Soon after we found ourselves on another of these beautiful Scottish lakes, mirrors of the Highlands, this time on Loch Lomond. Ben Lomond sulked in the cloud with which he wrapped himself, but the Scottish sun, as if ashamed of his churlishness, pierced the cloud, dissolving it into glistening silver mists, athwart which a rainbow arched itself over the emerald lake. Landing at Balloch, having in two hours sailed the course of the lake, we took train for Glasgow, passing enroute Dumbarton Castle, another stronghold, figuring prominently in Scottish annals.

Industrial and shipbuilding Glasgow, situated on the Clyde, metropolis of Scotland and second largest city in the United Kingdom, harbored us over night only. There was comparatively little of historical interest to keep us, and the one even-

ing was of course ample, according to popular American schedules in general and ours in particular, for our Political Economist to make a study of social conditions in this great industrial center!

For two things at least, yea, peradventure for three things do we remember Glasgow: first for the unpronounceable name of its principal retail street, which we cannot now recall; second, for the public forum and vocal field meet conducted until late at night in the street opposite our hotel window; and third, for the hotel which harbored us. It was a "temperance" hotel and, like many others of its kind in the Isles might almost be said to be bad enough to drive a man to drink. From our observation, somewhat limited it is true, we would say that one of the most telling arguments against prohibition in Great Britain is to be found in her temperance hotels. He who conscientiously patronizes them should do so in the realization that virtue is its own reward!

ON THE BANKS O'DOON

From Glasgow our objective was southward to Ayr and the Burns country, Bobbie Burns being to southwest Scotland what Scott is to southeast. Alighting at Ayr, we were greeted at once by the noble statue of Burns, which shows him facing toward the bonnie Doon and the countryside through which it flows, endeared to all who love the songs of the Scottish poet. As though thus silently directed, leaving Ayr for the time we betook ourselves at once out into the country over which the very spirit of Burns hovers. We

found "The Banks O'Doon" as charming as the verses by which it is universally known:

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine
And ilka bird sang o' its love
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae off its thorny tree,
And my fause lover staw my rose,
But left the thorn wi' me."

RIDING THE COURSE WITH TAM O'SHANTER

Following up the stream a little way we came to the famous "Brig O'Doon," to gain the keystone of which Tam O'Shanter raced Meg, his mare, that wild, stormy night to escape the pursuing witches. It will be recalled that Meg won the bridge by a neck and a little more, thus saving unworthy Tam, but left behind, first, her "ain gray tail" and then her rump, in the clutches of the witches. Burns closed the tale with an admonition to "ilk man and mother's son:" "When'er to drink inclined, think ye may buy the joys o'er dear—remember Tam O'Shanter's mare." Sad it was that Bobbie did not take his own warning seriously, for it was to exposure on a winter's night following an evening in his cups that he owed, indirectly at least, his untimely death.

Not far from the banks of the Doon is the Auld Kirk, in whose yard is to be found the stone erected

by the Poet to his father's memory. It was this yard too that Burns made the scene of the midnight revel of the witches, led by Satan as fiddler, which Tam looked in upon to his sorrow, or at least to that of poor Meg. Near by is the Burns Monument, in form of a Greek temple, which appeals to one as altogether foreign to its setting. Not so the dissertation given us by the Farmer-Economist, as we walked back toward Ayr, on the evolution of Ayrshire cattle, said dissertation being prompted by the sight of fine looking herds of contented cows, grazing the lush meadows.

"AT LENGTH HIS LONELY COT APPEARS IN VIEW"

A little way out from Ayr stands an humble, two room wayside cottage, which is a shrine perhaps second only to that at Stratford-on-Avon. It is the Burns cottage in which the singer of Scotland was born and in which he spent his early boyhood. It was the workmanship of the poet's father himself, and therefore all the more a shrine. It is marked with rugged simplicity, but bespeaks both comfort and dignity. It was the typical home of the sturdy peasant farmer and round its fireside, doubtless, Burns got much of his inspiration for "The Cotter's Saturday Night," in which, after presenting that incomparable picture of the household kneeling in family devotions, he says:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God'."

Adjoining the cottage is the Burns Museum, well worth more time than was at our disposal. The good woman in charge was very sociable and talked to us freely. "Poor Bobby!" she exclaimed. "If he could only look up and see what a shrine his old home has become—eleven thousand people here last week!" She was a devout soul, and devoted to the memory of Burns, and what interested us was her matter of fact implication in signifying "Poor Bobby's" direction of visibility.

Wandering down the main street of Ayr—"Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses, for honest men and bonnie lasses"—we came upon the Tam O'Shanter Inn, frequented by Burns and which no doubt furnished the tavern setting for the tale, and in which we can almost see Tam and Souter Johnny, "his ancient, trusty, drouthy crony," forgathering over their mugs of ale, witless that, as in life generally, "The hour approaches Tam maun ride."

Of course we must cross the river flowing through the town on "The Brigs of Ayr," the Auld Brig and the New Brig, which spent that night long, long ago in calling each other names, and bemeaning each other generally. The New Brig of the poem met the fate as prophesied by the Auld, and has been succeeded by another new Brig. And the Auld Brig, which "appear'd o' ancient Pictish race, the vera wrinkles Gothic in his face," still endures, its welfare zealously guarded by the loyal citizens who all but revere it for its dear associations.

With our farewell to Burns we bid farewell to Scotland and in his own words of deep-felt benediction:

"O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blessed with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much loved Isle."

V

MAKING CULTURE HUM

SCOTLAND was interesting to the very last, for just before we re-crossed the border we sped through a little town that has a historic interest all its own—Gretna Green. In former days it was the "city of refuge" to which young English gallants hot spurred it with their lady loves, to escape the irksome formalities of the rigid English marriage laws. Over across the line the runaway couple had merely to declare their intentions before witnesses to make the union legal, the declaration generally being made before the village blacksmith. True, in football parlance, this was an offside play, but one for which no penalty could be called, since this loose procedure had the sanction of Scottish law. Thereafter, in spite of irate papas and unpublished banns, the marriage was everywhere recognized as valid, since it conformed to the law of the land in which it was contracted. Gretna Green is now but a name, a romantic memory, for long since England has revised her marriage laws downward and Scotland hers upward, until there is no longer occasion for such border land activities. Such activities have long been transferred to our own country, in which the absence of federal marriage laws gives rise to various Gretna Greens over state border lines here

and there, with a wholesale Gretna Green in reverse at Reno. Shame on us!

WHEN THE ICE BROKE

On the way down from Ayr to Carlisle our tourist trio had a compartment to ourselves, together with one other occupant—an English woman manifestly of character and culture. In the presence of three strangers—and foreigners—who were perhaps needlessly garrulous, even for American tourists, she maintained a very proper attitude of dignity and reserve. She was compelled to hear but gave no sign. After a while out came the much worn Baedeker from the Professor's much worn pocket and as was his wont he opened the book and proceeded to read aloud. The reading was descriptive of Carlisle, the county seat of Cumberland, which we were soon to enter. It presented the historic background of the city, in the beginning an old Roman garrison. And the Professor kept on reading—with no sign from our involuntary traveling companion. The reading proceeded with a catalogue of the attractions which we should visit. The Professor religiously read straight through, sparing no details and sparing not his hearers, likewise more or less involuntary. Finally he started in on the city jail—and then, and then, our companion of the cultured reserve suddenly laughed outright! And that was the end of the reading. From then on our lady of the compartment was sociability itself. As we neared Carlisle she told us something of the city and made helpful suggestions for our brief stay

there. "And don't forget the jail," I can all but hear her laughingly admonish us in parting.

IN WARM REMEMBRANCE

A cold, discouraging rain greeted us at Carlisle. Despite the rain and the fact that we were innocent of umbrellas and "galoshes," our deference to history drove us forth to visit the very fine museum of antiquities, which is the pride of Carlisle. Returning damp and chilly to our hotel late in the afternoon, the Editor made requisition for a fire in our common, three-ply bed room, especially as he had an evening's writing ahead of him. After a time the chambermaid returned to say that the flue was unreliable, but that they could give us extra blankets for our beds! Gentle persistence had its reward, however, and we soon were basking in the cheeriest of grate fires. The exhibits, A to Izzard, of the museum are already paling into oblivion, but not so that open hearth fire which I shall always associate with Carlisle, and which I shall long recall as one of the most appealing features of my sojourn in the British Isles.

HE WHO RUNS MAY WRITE

Our next objective was the Lake District. For whoever would dare return home from England without first hand material for a lecture or course of lectures on the Lake Poets and their Environment? Moreover an excellent opportunity was here afforded us historians and political scientists to demonstrate our versatility, our catholicity of taste, by varying our program when back among

the home folks with a discriminating dissertation in the realm of literary criticism. What a favorable impression would result from a demonstration of our intimate familiarity with the Lake District! For this purpose we had allocated almost an entire day, the time which we figured it would take us to ride through the Lake region by coach. It is true that Our Lady of the Compartment had urged upon us the necessity of taking a week for it, but imagine three American tourists squandering a whole week in such a restricted sphere!

From Carlisle we reached Keswick at the northern entrance to the Lakes, at about ten-thirty o'clock, fifteen minutes too late to make the coach for the regular day's trip. What now? There was nothing for it but to charter an automobile, which, appropriately enough, proved to be an Indiana Studebaker. Having our own conveyance, we were somewhat independent of the beaten path as followed by the lumbering stagecoach and signalized our independence by making the circuit of Derwent Water before starting out down the valley. Derwent Water is a liquid gem in a rare setting. Or, in view of the wooded hills and cragged mountains which encircle it, Derwent is an aquatic sunken garden. On looking down over it from the sky line road we could exclaim with Wordsworth—

"Who comes not hither
Ne'er can know
How beautiful
The world below."

On the ride round Derwent Water we experienced again one of the delights of traveling in England—that of being brought face to face every now and then with the reality of some old nursery rhyme. At one lonely point on the highway there was a gate to be negotiated and there in a wee house beside the road lived an old man who, for a pittance, was ever ready to open, reminding one of—

"An old man who lived by a gate
On the passers-by promptly would wait;
And when no one would ride
He would open it wide
And march through himself in great state."

Our researches were not sufficiently extended to enable us to determine which one of the Lake Poets is to be credited with this bit of literature.

Starting off down the lake-strewn valley from Keswick we stopped at Grassmere, to conduct our literary studies at Dove Cottage, the home of Wordsworth, our chauffeur "cutting off" the engine while we were thus engaged! Since Grassmere is the scene of the world famous annual outdoor sports, so typically English, including the race up Skiddaw Mountain and return, it would have been fitting for us to have relieved the strain of our academic researches with a little run of our own up Skiddaw, but the Professor did not find this provided for either in his time tables or in Baedeker. On we went again therefore, skirting Rydal Water and then reaching Windermere, the southern gate of the district where we disembarked from the chartered Studebaker. While

not equipped with stop watches, our timepieces agreed that we had made our tour of the Lake District, including the circuit of Derwent Water, in one hour and forty-five minutes, and at the rate, at times, of forty miles an hour! For Our Lady of the Compartment it would have been to faint.

ROUNDING OUT THE DAY WITH LIVERPOOL

Finding ourselves ahead of our schedule, we pushed on by train to Liverpool, to "do" which we generously contributed the rest of the day. We visited first the shipping front, viewing with interest the floating steel pier one-half mile in length, then turning our attention to the civic center of the city, focusing in St. George Hall, and plentifully featured roundabouts with statues of the nation's great and near great. Here, as otherwhere in the Isles, we were impressed with the fact that so large a proportion of the public memorials whether in the market place or in the cathedrals, have been erected to the military and naval heroes of the nation, as typified by Wellington and Nelson. Along with these in the Liverpool Civic Center, we welcomed the sight of a statue of Gladstone, and of Lester, the latter shown with a child in his arms, suggestive of a noble life devoted to the care and education of poor children.

As usual, where one was to be found, we hunted up the Friends Meeting House, located in the midst of the most squalid conditions we had yet observed. Observations made on the street leading down from the sightly location of the Meeting House which we would not care to

traverse alone at night convinced us that Liverpool Friends need not raise their eyes to behold a field white unto harvest.

Crossing from Liverpool to Birkenhead after supper, we entrained for Chester, the day's objective. Not arriving until about ten-thirty, we felt we could hardly see Chester adequately yet that evening, so retired, after reviewing the day's activities from Carlisle to Chester, including Keswick, the Lake District, Windermere, Liverpool and Birkenhead. Those wishing to arrange for university extension lectures, with emphasis upon the Lake Poets and their Environment, are requested to communicate with the Professor or the Economist. Special terms for Women's Clubs.

VI

"ACROSS THE SANDS O' DEE"

IN EARLY morning we started out on a day's tour of northern Wales. We followed at first the lower, widening course of the River Dee, well known in song and story, upon which King Edgar was said to have been rowed by six kings. And look! there in the meadows are the cattle grazing, just as cattle were grazing that day when Kingsley wrote—

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home
And call the cattle home
And call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.
The Western Wind was wild and dank with foam
And all alone went she.

"The creeping tide came up along the sand
And o'er and o'er the sand
And round and round the sand
As far as eye could see.
The blinding mist came down and hid the land
And never home came she.

* * * *

"But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee."

And we were reminded of that other similar classic, by Jean Ingelow, "The High Tide of Lincolnshire," wherein Elizabeth ("A sweeter woman

ne'er drew breath than my sonne's wife Elizabeth,") went forth in the evening—

"'Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!' calling
Ere the early dews were falling.
Farre away I heard her song,
'Cusha! Cusha!' all along."

My memory of Elizabeth and Cusha goes back to the old country school days when, as a little first grader, I beheld the teacher putting the big awkward, diffident boys through their paces in the reading class, poking fun at them betimes, asking them if *that* was the way they called *their* cattle home. But it was of no use. They called Cusha as if they were stroking the family cat and saying "kitty! nice kitty," and the dulcet appealing tones may be imagined in which they spoke the lyric lines,

"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clover lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

* * * *

"And yet he moaned beneath his breath
'O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth'."

The feelings of the listening first grader were mingled, as we recall, mingled with amusement at the halting, timorous efforts of the bashful boys and with the pathos of—

"I shall never hear her song,
'Cusha! Cusha!' all along
I shall never hear her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore."

Our first brief stop in Wales was at its popular, attractive north coast seaside resort, Llandudno, from which we turned south, past Conway Castle, and into real mountain scenery, under the lee of Snowden, the highest peak in the British Isles. The language and names encountered were as rugged and picturesque as the scenery. We could not understand the one nor pronounce the other. Try these easy ones for a beginner: Bettwys-y-Coed, Ystwyth, Yspytty, Llanuwchllyn, Trawsfynydd, Llanbadarnfyndd, Cilswm, Ystwdyfodwg, Llandeitotalybom.

AESOP—A MODERN DEMONSTRATION

Reaching Festiniog, we had to change trains and as we were late arriving, we had but five minutes in which to make it to another depot a half mile or so distant on the other side of town. We started out on the run. The Economist and the Editor, being light draught, soon distanced the Professor whom we left at the quarter post blowing like a porpoise. When we blew in at the other

station it suddenly occurred to us, first, that we didn't know where we were going (as usual the Professor had arranged the day's schedule) and second, we couldn't pronounce it if we had known! After all therefore the race was not to the swift, for there was nothing for us to do but await the Professor. He came ambling up in due time, having learned enroute, between the quarter posts, that train number two would wait on train number one, and likewise, having hailed in transit a native who gave him lessons in pronouncing our next objective—Llangollen, pronounced Thlanglochten, as nearly as it can be reproduced on paper. He who blew last blew best.

Historically, our trip through the heart of northern Wales was of interest since we were in the strongholds, the lairs of early Welsh opposition to British dominance, opposition led first by the Llewelyns and later by Owen Glendower, the Wallaces and the Bruces of Wales. It is a long lane that has no turn, and now after the lapse of centuries, we behold one lone little Welshman dominating the British empire!

NOTHING TO SEE BUT BEAUTY

One wonders that so small a country can contain such wealth of rugged mountain scenery. Llangollen, situated in a narrow valley through which dash the upper waters of the Dee, we found to be entrancingly beautiful. How we did revel in it all! I say "we" which in this case only half includes the Professor, who had been worrying all day lest he should not get back to Chester

in time to walk its encircling ancient walls, the main objective, it would almost seem, of his trip abroad. The Editor, in an abandon of enthusiasm, suggested that we bide a longer time at Llangollen. With fine scorn the Professor exclaimed, "Why do we want to stay here? There's nothing to see but beauty!" Thus spake the soul of the historian, developed to its logical conclusion. What a terrible example for budding historians! Nothing to breathe but air! Nothing to eat but food! Nothing to wear but clothes! Nothing to drink but—tea! Nothing to see but beauty! And we departed straightway from Llangollen, for the walled city of the plain, and we knew it no more forever.

HAPHAZARDING OUR TRAIN CONNECTIONS

Our day's trip through Wales illustrated well some of the features of British transportation to which we have heretofore alluded. Any American railroad company, with the possibilities offered by Welsh scenery within its grasp, would have a special daily tour arranged, and advertised the country over. Yet it was with no little difficulty that we could get sufficient information—and what we did get was not obtained from railway officials—to warrant us in starting out in an effort to make the circuit of northern Wales. And in the course of the day we changed trains seven times.

We decided that our definition of a through train in Great Britain would be a train or trains, on which, by exercise of due ingenuity and much persistence one may get through to where he wants

to go. At one station we were in doubt whether to board a certain train, not being able to learn its intentions from the station master, who encouraged us however, to get on. He said we could find out at the next station whether we should get off there for another change or not. "All off" was the word at the next station. Soon another train came in from somewhere headed in the direction of Chester's walls. We asked the "guards" if it was bound for Chester. They didn't know—they didn't know why it was there or where it came from! "We will tell you later," said they. It was all getting funnier and funnier to us. The guards got together in conference on the platform to consult as to the identity of the train and its probable destination, after which they soberly told us that the train did not go to Chester. It was too much for us by this time and we were laughing immoderately, the Britishers thereabouts soberly viewing us askance for our unseemly mirth.

But we finally found ourselves back at Chester, with two hours or more of daylight left. Scenery exalts one's spirit but cannot satisfy the creaturely craving for food, which now claimed our attention. But the Professor declared, "I will eat no meat until I have encompassed Chester's walls, for which cause came I hither." And he set forth and we saw him no more for the space of the time which it took the Economist and the Editor to get a square meal.

The city was an old Roman camp. Indeed the latin word "castra" from which Chester comes,

means camp. In English history its importance is recognized in the fact that, situated on the English-Welsh border, its position was strategic from a political and military point of view. It is enclosed by ancient walls, some eight feet thick, which have been so perfectly preserved as to provide an admirable promenade nearly two miles in circuit, affording an excellent view of one of the most picturesque cities in all England.

VII

ADVENTURES IN PARIS

BRIGHT and early on a Monday morning, the Professor, the Economist and the Scribe set forth from London for Paris via Dover and Calais, arriving at the North Station about six in the evening. We committed ourselves to the subway or metro and were soon shuttled to Chateley Station from which we made our way with little difficulty to the Britannique Hotel, the Quaker headquarters in Paris, known familiarly as the Brit for short. We found a Friendly welcome although, like the old woman in the shoe, the Brit had so many Friendly children she didn't know what to do. It took us a little while to get the staff of the Brit straightened out in mind. We caught a glimpse of Pere Brit now and then, but it was a sweet faced, half-perplexed Mademoiselle who seemed to be mistress of events. As Chief of Staff she had an English Friend in the person of Arthur Baxter, a pioneer member of the Friends Unit in France. It dashed us a little to catch this staid Friend patting her cheek endearingly, but being new to French customs we did not know but that this was the approved method of manifesting one's satisfaction with the house. Fortunately however, before we followed suit, we learned that Friend Baxter was patting the cheek of Madame, his wife, he having married into the Brit.

Here is located the headquarters of the Quaker Embassy. A very comfortable room looking out on Victoria Avenue has been fitted up as a library and reading room. The Embassy is a haven of quiet contentment for Friends far from home, although this is by no means its prime purpose. It is the center from which radiate Friendly information and influence in the French capital and beyond. Quaker study groups meet here, meetings for worship are held, and such activities promoted as focus in the Quaker message.

There was for the time no room for us at the Brit but we were accommodated across the street at the Victoria, a hotel of dark, winding stairways and narrow halls, and presided over by a voluminous woman with a black beard. The beds were all right, once you penetrated your way to them. We were awakened mornings by a self-starting community alarm clock in the nature of a mule who raised his voice consistently in the dawn's early light. It was the one French voice we understood without difficulty.

LITTLE EXCURSIONS IN FOOD

Having located ourselves at the Victoria and passed inspection by the bearded lady, we issued therefrom in search of food. Soon we were partaking of our first open air meal on the walk in front of a restaurant, as is so common in Paris. Before we had finished, we were hailed by our Earlham artist friend, Howard Leigh, who had been spending a year in Paris studying. We welcomed him joyfully, including his ability to parler

Francaise, whereby we were extricated from the mercenary clutches of the restauranteur with comparative success.

The next day, after a little cautious reconnoitering, we entered an unassuming looking eating place for lunch. At any rate the establishment didn't assume to speak English, and we found no difficulty in heeding the admonition to think twice before speaking—in French. We were having very indifferent success in our international negotiations for food, when a nice looking young lady opposite us asked if she could be of assistance. We assured her that she could—and she was. And then, after having thus saved our lives, she took a cigarette from her case and asked us for a light—and of course there wasn't a lucifer on the three of us! For the first time in our lives we were chagrined at not having a match to proffer for such a purpose.

This recalls a little incident in a London restaurant. We had become somewhat accustomed to seeing women smoking in public eating places, but across the room was a young lady so enveloped in a very cloud of smoke as to catch our attention. She was exhaling so vigorously that two jets of smoke shot from her nostrils in a way to give a vivid representation of a fiery dragon. We were unfeignedly entertained, until we noticed that we were attracting more attention than was our lady of the smoke screen.

We met more acquaintances on the streets of Paris than we are accustomed to in some of our own big cities—New York for instance. We have

already mentioned our artist friend. One of us ran into a neighbor of his home town. Frederick Lynch, Editor of *Christian Work,* and the writer hailed each other in greeting in mid street. Late one night in the depths of the subway we met up with Philip Furnas, just returned from Serbia. All these in addition to the London Conference people who had gone over in the summer as we had.

A GUIDE PROVES A PHILOSOPHER

In the two or three days at our disposal before leaving for the tour of the battlefields, we rushed around in the usual feverish way seeing the conventional things, as set forth in two sight-seeing trips under the auspices of the American Express Company. On one of these trips we had a guide who was something of a philosopher. He took us to see a striking exhibit of war posters used by the several nations in their frenzied propaganda. It was like visiting an inferno—a charnel house of hate. Our guide had been in the service and it was with some astonishment that we listened to him philosophizing to his little party on the subject of war in a way that might almost have accredited him as a delegate to the London Peace Conference of Friends. How he scouted the ennobling theory of war, baring the latter in all its ghastly nakedness and brutality! "People don't go into battle with a placid smile on their faces and a feeling of chivalry in their hearts," he declared. "It isn't human nature."

We had set aside fully an hour for inspection of the twenty miles of canvas exhibited in

the Louvre. We were to be personally conducted by our artist friend Leigh, whom we were to meet at the Louvre following lunch on a certain day. To be sure of our appointment we lunched close in. Now the Professor might be termed a human compass, so sure is his instinct of direction. What a source of comfort and assurance this was to the writer, born minus such geographical instinct, may well be understood. On this occasion, however, we walked and walked, but no Louvre. It was with the greatest diffidence that we made a gentle suggestion. But the Professor was infallible and on we walked. As was the case with the mouse in the nursery tale, the faster we walked the farther we got—but in the wrong direction unfortunately.

When we "came to" we were a mile or more distant, away out on the Champs d'Elysees—and the hour of our appointment had passed. It was a warm day, very warm, and it was warmer still when we finally headed up at the Louvre, led by a "het up" Professor whose specialty had never been cross country runs.

Our experiences and observations in Paris were by no means limited to those gathered from the top of a sight-seeing auto bus. There was the dinner with our artist friend in the Latin Quarter; a before breakfast visit to Notre Dame, musing in the gray solemnity of the cathedral corridors, then reveling in the softened splendor as the brilliant rising sun shone through those wonderful vaulted windows; another morning twilight revery in the church of Saint Severin from which

the fourth crusade was preached and from which the words of such eloquent divines as Vincent De Paul and Bossuet had been regularly heard; and as we wandered back, to pass a door on which was an inscription to the effect that "Here lived Abelard and Heloise;" loitering along the Seine and observing the queer looking craft that wound its way through the city 'neath the many, many bridges that span the lazy stream; inspecting the book troughs which line the river balustrades, which at first glance one might easily take for a series of horse mangers but which instead were found to contain food for thought; visits to the little glove shop where Milady's French gloves could be bought for a song, an American song, and where men Friends racked their brains vainly to remember the number worn by the hand that rocked the cradle and ruled the world—back home; witnessing, as uninvited but unhindered guests, a typical, much ritualized wedding ceremony in one of the great cathedrals into which we had stepped. Having thus run across two or three wedding parties one morning, it seemed as if Hymen might have announced a day of special attractions.

BEARDING THE BEARDED LADY

The writer had one little adventure entitled to a separate paragraph. Returning alone on one occasion to our hotel, the afore-described Victoria, he started in search of his room. Half way up the dark, winding stairway, he heard a determined and jabbering voice behind him and looking back

found himself hotly pursued. Coming up the stairway after him he descried the ponderous form of the black-bearded lady who kept guard below. Her fierce and threatening mien was anything but assuring. He could easily out-foot her up the stairs, but what then? She would get him sooner or later. He had read grim, gruesome tragedies whose plots were laid in just such dark and cavernous passageways and whose victims, unsuspecting travelers, ne'er saw light of day again. Taking courage of desperation, he turned to beard the bearded lady on the stair. Menacingly did she gesticulate, fast and furiously did she splutter. The situation was tense. With neither able to understand the other an international impasse threatened. Gazing despairingly upon the swarthy visage thrust upward toward him, the pursued, thus brought to bay, feverishly turned over his thoughts in search of an intelligent one as to what all the fuss was about. Suddenly he bethought him of his room key which he had neglected to hang on its hook near the entrance below. Fishing it out of his pocket he held it up inquiringly. "Eureka!" he could have shouted in relief at the mollified expression which came over the face of the bearded one. And so a tragedy was averted that day and a traveler spared to waiting loved ones at home.

Ten or twelve of us took a trip one day to Versailles, where we had lunch before going out to the Palace. There were enough of us to command attention of the management as we filed into a restaurant, and likewise to command the serv-

ices of an English speaking and an American understanding French waiter. We made satisfactory progress in ordering the meal, until we put in a requisition for French pastry. The waiter shook his head and said they had none. "Now see here," we replied. "We came over here looking forward to French pastry and haven't found any yet. Shall we have to wait for it until we get back to England?" The pastry was forthcoming.

The Palace of Versailles! And we can do scarcely more than exclaim over it—this most famous of man-made creations, built up out of a virtual swamp. In speaking of the Palace in general we include the vast park, the whole comprising the most elaborate and noted of royal residences, past or present—in fact it has long been the great "show place" of the nations. We read of Versailles as "imposing, but thoroughly stiff and artificial;" of how the "geometrically trimmed trees mock nature and the natural." First impressions confirm such a characterization. It was a brilliant day however, and as we wandered through those forest avenues of the park, arched over as perfectly as the nave of a cathedral, the sun filtering in through the lattice work of verdure, we forgot the artificial and reveled in the wondrous beauty of it all.

AS THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

The Palace itself is impressive—for its memories and associations however, even more than for its elegance. The fact that we could understand little of what the guide said gave us more

time and opportunity for reflection. As we looked back to the policy of ruthless aggrandizement practiced by Louis XIV, the Grand Monarch, the Sun King, the builder of this magnificence; as we remembered how he had violated every principle of faith and honor in his relations with weaker nations, how, high handed, time after time he had invaded and despoiled the German states to the east and the Dutch states to the north, we were deeply impressed with the feeling that here in Versailles two centuries and a half ago, was to be found the source of the Great War as well as in Potsdam in 1914. This feeling was intensified as we recalled the incident in connection with the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 when a French statesman asked a German statesman what it was that they, the Germans, were fighting so relentlessly. "We are fighting Louis XIV" was the sententious reply. Thus reflecting, we wandered through that famous Hall of Mirrors, where in a spirit of vengeance, the first Emperor of Germany was crowned in 1871; and where, in a spirit of vengeance, the preliminary peace terms were dictated in 1919. In the Hall of Mirrors in the twentieth century, and yet seeing as through a glass darkly!

VIII

FOLLOWING THE STAR

THE Brit was the rendezvous of Friends who converged on Paris for the purpose of making the tour of the battle area in which the work of the Friends Mission had been done. We three had arrived as the forerunners of our own particular party scheduled to leave Paris August fifth. On the third and fourth Friends gathered in, some coming direct from Cherbourg, while others had hurried on from Liverpool where the fortunes of travel had landed them.

Very early on the morning of the fifth we took the census of ourselves at the Brit, from which we made it to the railway station without the loss of one. We were soon aboard the express train for Verdun, whereon our group had a little breakfast party, as we were rushed across country eastward along the course of the Marne. And so that sluggish little "crick" is the celebrated Marne! If that was all that separated Paris from the invaders, no wonder she got panicky. At Chateau-Thierry we felt that we had plunged almost at a jump from Paris right at the heart of the battle area, where had struggled the titans of modern warfare.

Indeed our forenoon's ride took a course which might be said to have been dedicated to Mars. Chalons brought vividly to mind the terrific strug-

gle which took place here some fifteen hundred years ago when the hordes of Attila were thrown back and his westward course arrested. A little later we passed Valmy, listed along with Chalons as one of the decisive battles; not a great battle of itself, but opening the way for the progress of the French Revolution.

A FEW WORDS OF INTRODUCTION

Early in the afternoon we reached Verdun where we found our big touring bus awaiting us at the station. And now, ladies and gentlemen, while Friends are assorting themselves and climbing and being boosted into the bus, a few words of introduction.

First of all—that curly, shock haired chap, who walks with a suggestion of a slouch, shoulders drooping slightly, whose general appearance suggests that he might be the hero of "Roughing It." There is a soft drawl in his speech and the friendliest light in his eye. He is big hearted Geoffrey Franklin to whom all we American Friend visitors are so deeply indebted for having arranged and conducted the tours of the areas of Friends' war work in France. From the time English Friends first started the work early in the war he was in it heart and soul. Of a prosperous Jewish family of standing in London, he put comfort and privilege behind him and went out into the hard places to do a service of love—a Friend among Friends in all but actual membership. Here's to him.

That lithe, erect, clean-cut young fellow in the A. F. S. C. uniform is Geoffrey's assistant engineer,

Dick Balderston of Colora, Maryland, who said au revoir to his college course at Haverford to do his share of the work of the Mission in France. We like to think of him as a type of the young men who represented us "over there" during the war.

Those Friends hoisting themselves with some difficulty and making their way to the rear seat to give ballast are the "big four:" Preacher Pretlow of Seattle, later to become my traveling companion in frisking here and there over the continent; serene Dorothy Luther of Fairmount, Indiana; merry, chuckling, Helena Henderson, of Mooresville, Indiana, who so soon after her return home was to go out on the tour of the great unknown; Isaac M. Cocks of Cornwall on Hudson, New York.

In the next row we find the Professor, who should have been made one of the "big four" except that his presence would have necessitated its becoming a big three instead!—Harlow Lindley, Richmond, Indiana. Near him is "Teacher Helen" of Westtown, whose last name is South and whose hair would have been called red but for the presence of one other member of the party. The Economist and Money-Changer comes next in the person of Mark C. Mills, of West Newton, Indiana, and Guilford College.

Here in seat number three from the rear are two ladies who clearly are not—well, not Hoosiers at any rate. They are Jean Lawson and Beatrice McMurtrie, of Edinburgh, Scotland, who were taking this as a vacation trip, visiting the scenes of their activities in the Friends Mission, after an

absence of a year and a half. Their presence added much to the group. Seated with them are Pauline Pritchard, assistant dean of women at Earlham College with all that implies, and Grace McKeel of Trumansburg, New York, a Cornell botanist and a womanly woman. On the other end of the seat, meet a resourceful young Pennsylvanian from Bucks County in the person of John E. Lippincott. Incidentally keep an eye on him.

That dark eyed, independent little Mademoiselle who is wandering about from seat to seat as a testimony against the status quo is Eleanor M. Gifford of South Westport, Massachusetts.

The second seat from the dashboard has two or three distinguishing marks, including the soft-spoken but mischievous-eyed college president from Iowa—soft-spoken except when we write it H. Edwin McGrew! He parts his hair on the side but demands that his name be parted in the middle. Speaking of hair, color schemes, etc., but why get personal? Frances Willard Mitchell hails from the Central Office at Richmond where she takes dictation—up to a certain point. That inimitable drawl betokens the habitat of Florence Goldsboro Cox of North Carolina, the baby of the party.

On the front seat beside Cousin Dick of whom she is very proud, sits our Leading Lady, Ruth Balderston, of Colora, Maryland, who teaches in the Friends School at Barnesville, Ohio. The safe and sure man at the wheel is a Belgian, Francois Van den Ecker who designates himself with a flourish—"Chauffeur grands Voyages a (Meuse) Verdun."

There is always room for one more and there at one side, entirely unnoticed, but sizing up the party with an eye to future pranks, is a little fellow who is to be reckoned with. Just now, while the rest are getting themselves seated under the auspices of Geoffrey Franklin, he is apparently picking out a strategic seat for himself. He is the Unbidden Guest, he of the bow and arrow. While he is tucking himself away unseen the Scribe hops in and we are off.

Before starting out across country we made a hurried survey of Verdun, the French Gibraltar of the war. The underground city in which the army of defense was garrisoned was inspected, giving us our first vivid impression of the thorough and intensive preparations made for waging the struggle indefinitely. On the heights above, overlooking the city, a good idea of the surrounding country and battle area was obtained. On the way out of the city we stopped at the embroidery shop which had been started by the Mission to provide a market for the work of the war-stricken women. It was with some diffidence that we men passed judgment on the handiwork spread before us, but we spoke with authority regarding the substantial tea set before us by the ladies in charge of the shop.

THROUGH NO MAN'S LAND

Leaving Verdun we rode northward for a few miles, following the general course of the Meuse, then turning almost due west toward Varennes. This ride took us through the very heart of No

Man's Land and as our eyes roamed the bare desolation—the hole-torn ground, the lonely stretches of rusty barbed wire entanglements—it looked as if it would be No Man's Land for evermore. Just a little to the north of us after we turned west was Dead Man's Hill, ghastly suggestive of our surroundings. At Avocourt, about midway between the Meuse and Varennes, we came to the first town where Friends had worked on any considerable scale. Here we had had an extensive building equipe, the work of which resulted in the home-coming of the homeless peasants. The very roadsides of the country were lined with dugouts in which plenty of grim souvenirs were yet to be found.

Between the Verdun and Clermont roads, a short distance from where they converge upon Varennes, there formerly stood on a sightly hill the beautiful village of Vauquois. The wages of war have left naught but a crater in the top of an utterly barren hill. A terrible monument to war's utter destructiveness it was to us, as we rode back and forth in sight of it for a couple of days. Looming as a specter it was almost enough to give one a case of "nerves."

Varennes suggested vividly the misfortunes of Louis XVI, who, traveling in disguise in a closed carriage, reached this village on the way to the border to escape from revolutionary France. If poor Louis could have had the advantage of the modern admonition to travelers not to stick one's head out at the window, all might have gone well. But he lost his head and looked out or

rather, looked out and lost his head, for he was recognized, sent back to Paris and later to the guillotine.

What an attractive place this must have been before it was demolished! The case of Varennes reminds us that the destruction of lovely villages is not necessarily evidence of wanton ruthlessness on the part of the enemy. We were told that this French town was destroyed, not by the Germans but by the Americans on the plea of military necessity. It was very fitting therefore that our Friends did a large work here in home building and reconstruction.

Taking the road leading thence southwest we rode through a wooded district in which the German army established itself rather permanently. At least we found a great array of so-called dug-outs which as a matter of fact were well constructed "apartments," sometimes reinforced with concrete as we found that of the Crown Prince to be. They were turned upside down of course as a matter of discretion and were provided with emergency subterranean exits.

In the evening we headed up at Clermont-en-Argonne, at the old Mission barracks where we were comfortably housed for two nights. Following a satisfying repast after our long ride, Geoffrey Franklin talked to us about the work which Friends had been doing in France, explaining and interpreting what we had seen and were to see.

As its name implies, Clermont-en-Argonne is situated in the region of the Argonne Forest, or what was the Argonne Forest before the destruc-

tion that wasted at noonday all but wiped it out of existence; very picturesquely situated it is too, on the side of a high hill overlooking the surrounding country. This was one thing that attracted our attention to French villages—instead of seating themselves at the foot of a hill as American villages do, they often appropriate the hill itself as a building site. We presume this is an indication of French thrift as well as artistic appreciation—it releases more tillable land for cultivation.

As in the case of ill-fated Vauquois, such sightly locations have their disadvantages in modern war time. What was their very strength in the old hand to hand, feudal fighting days, is a fatal weakness in the targets which they furnish for long range guns. Although it was not entirely destroyed, Clermont presents a sorry illustration of this. It was in this village that we found a unit of the Harvard students of architecture, representing another expression of American eagerness to help the French restore their waste places. But we found a more impressive expression of this attitude of helpfulness in an Indiana Quaker boy. An active member of the Friends Unit which had operated in that section, Ralph Whitely had not satisfied his concern by the time the Unit was withdrawn so he stayed on alone, ministering quietly to the needs of the people thereabouts, working part time at manual labor to support himself and devoting the rest of his time to the interests of the young people especially. And thus we found him giving himself consecratedly and unobtrusively to the spiritual as well as to the

material reconstruction of Clermont and vicinity.

On the summit of the high hill on the side of which stands what is left of Clermont, was General Pershing's look-out, which our party visited one morning before starting out on the day's trip. We noted that Crown Princes and Generals didn't take any unnecessary chances of exposure. With very proper discretion they exercised a look-out for the safety of No. 1 before looking out at the enemy. In fact it was a case here of look in first, since we had to go down into a dark cavern before ascending to the look-out which was a narrow little slit an inch or so wide. We found a tunnel leading from the look-out down through the heart of the hill, through which three of us elected to return. This little venture had no appeal for the Quaker Preacher who declared that having been in the hole so much of his life he preferred to stay out of this!

Leaving Clermont early on the second day we took the direct road north to Varennes and directly from there northeast to Montfaucon where destruction had had its perfect work. What existed of the village as we saw it had been practically rebuilt by the Friends Unit. On the top of the hill of Montfaucon we visited another distinguished look-out, that of the Crown Prince this time, and above ground in a residence which showed itself to be sadly the worse for heavy wear.

Retracing our way to Varennes we went northwest, past Chatel-Chehery, where Friends had operated an agricultural center and stock farm

from which the inhabitants were able to re-stock their homes with domestic animals, thence east to the beautiful American cemetery at Romagne, where 25,000 of our soldiers are buried. And glistening in the sun were as many neat white markers. We were warmly welcomed at the Y. W. C. A. headquarters maintained here for the comfort of the many who come from America to view the resting place of fallen loved ones.

GRANDPRE—AN INSPIRATION

From Romagne we went west to Grandpre, where we found another impressive instance of staying on, in this case it being a heroine instead of a hero and an English instead of an American Friend. A relief equipe had been maintained here when Friends were active in the region, and with a small personnel headed by Miss Connah it is still maintained. Following a substantial lunch served us at the equipe, Miss Connah gave us in a simple and unaffected portrayal, a most vivid picture of the conditions with which the people, her people, were bravely battling—a picture of the old French village life contrasted with the disheartening present. In every helpful way, in the home and on the farm, Miss Connah, with her helpers, is proving an angel of mercy to young and old of the community. She interpreted for us as did none other, the life and thought of the people. After she had pictured so graphically their distress, mental and physical, the question was raised concerning their attitude toward their enemies. "The least of bitterness is nearest the

battle lines," she replied significantly and told how French war victims had erected crosses over German graves. We left Grandpre feeling that we had been in attendance upon a meeting for worship honored by the very presence of the living Christ.

We spent a busy afternoon returning from Grandpre, observing the work done by Friends in various villages: in Boureuilles, which had been rebuilt from the ground by the Mission; Neuvilly, rebuilt by Friends and renamed by the villagers "Cite des Amis" (City of Friends), the name and the star appearing on the village signboard; Aubreville, scene of varied Friendly activity—house building, agricultural, financial, transportation. This was the "grand central station" of the little but very effective railway system operated by the Quaker boys for the purpose of distributing equipment, building material and relief supplies over their district. At Bombasle we visited what was left of one of the "dumps" which we had vaguely pictured in our minds as a sort of mound builders remains, excavation of which brought forth the salvage of war which had proved so profitable in closing our work. Great hardware and implement depots they were, lumped off to Friends for a nominal sum.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST REGISTERS A CLEAN HIT

Up to this time little or no notice had been taken of the Unbidden Guest. To most of the party, perhaps his presence was hitherto unsuspected, so unobtrusive was he. And anyway, view-

ing as we were the great havoc wrought by the mightiest implements of warfare the world has known, who would have given a second thought to an innocent looking cherub armed only with a bow and arrow? His very presence amidst such grim surroundings would almost seem grotesque. Nothing daunted, for he was used to being spurned or taken as a joke, he had picked upon a couple of victims at which he had let loose an occasional arrow. With just what effect he was not yet sure, so he decided to apply a little test. Just before returning to Clermont from this day's ride we stopped at a little village, near the huge open cement tank in which the town "pooled" its laundry. Of an investigative turn of mind, Friend Lippincott, of Bucks County, stepped to the brink for closer observation. He got it. We couldn't affirm that the U. G. gave him a surreptitious shove, but in he went at any rate. John came out in the wash all right and it was all over in a trice. But when our Leading Lady of the front seat saw him go down, why *then* she knew! And the U. G., watching her keenly, also knew that his marksmanship was still true. And so it was that our Leading Lady, the recently immersed Friend and the U. G. all rode home together on the front seat in the warmth of—the engine! As we drove in at Clermont at the close of the day the little fellow whispered encouragingly into Friend Lippincott's ear, "It's up to you now—speak for yourself, John."

"That's one job of case work safely on the way," he chuckled to himself as he drew another

arrow from his quiver and looked about over the party in search of other easy marks.

The next morning we bade a reluctant farewell to Clermont-en-Argonne as we set out on a long and interesting day's journey south to Sermaize. Our first visit was made to Grange-le-Comte which was the field headquarters of the Mission during the last period of our work in France and which served as the rendezvous for some one hundred of our workers in the summer of 1919. It was a large estate of an absentee landlord, and its broad acres, comfortable and commodious house, ample barns and many outbuildings lent themselves admirably to the purposes of the Mission.

Going on southward, passing Beaulieu Woods on our right, we came to Brizeaux, where was located the Mission hospital after it was moved from Sermaize. Here we ate picnic lunch, with the village youngsters looking shyly on, as Geoffrey Franklin described the work which had been carried on in the vicinity, centering in the hospital. Very gratifying it was to the writer to hear him speak with great enthusiasm of the splendid and keenly appreciated service rendered by our college mate. Dr. Walter C. Stevens, who succeeded Dr. Babbit as head of the Mission hospital.

We cannot even mention all the towns we passed through which bore the unmistakable imprint of the handiwork of Friends. We *must* mention Villers-aux-Vent where we found the Friends star on the houses of the village and in the hearts of its people. Stopping here for a while we scat-

tered out through the little hamlet for Friendly intercourse. In company with Beatrice McMurtrie of Scotland, who was revisiting scenes of former work and who could do the "parleying," the writer found himself in the neat little cottage of two old women. Everything was spotlessly clean, yet one of the dear souls apologized volubly for our having found the house in such order! What a strangely familiar strain! It almost made us homesick, yet we broke out in involuntary laughter at this striking manifestation of the ruling passion in the sisterhood of woman.

"COURAGE, ALWAYS COURAGE"

At another cottage the Preacher found an old, old woman who in pre-war days had been in very comfortable circumstances. She told how the war had taken practically all that was dear to her, both of flesh and blood and of substance, and then, as if chiding herself for giving way to such expression, she straightened up and exclaimed, "But courage, Monsieur, always courage!" Such is the indomitable and unconquerable spirit of these stricken people.

We received a cordial welcome at the home for girls at Bettancourt, which from 1915 to 1919 had been operated by the Mission as a hospital and convalescent home. Just inside the door we found a tablet in grateful appreciation of the work of the Friends, placed by a Catholic curé!

On the outskirts of a small town we turned in at an old chateau and called upon a live French countess. The call brought something of disillu-

sionment as to the splendor of the French nobility, said countess presenting very much the appearance which signalizes house cleaning time at home, sweet home. We did admire the noble woman's courage as we saw her working patiently amidst the ruins of her demolished chateau, in what would have appealed to us as a vain effort to restore a semblance of order.

When, well toward evening, we turned into Sermaize, the old "capital" of the Friends Mission in France, we were made to feel that we were coming home. The black and red star on a pennant flew from a standard on our bus and smiles of recognition and welcome greeted it as we drove through the streets. We first visited the "cite des Amis" for which our workers were entirely responsible. We rode up a street well laid out, on either side of which were substantial brick cottages, surrounded by gardens and flowers. It was truly a refreshing scene, greatly enhanced by the expression of joyous gratitude of the villagers as they greeted Geoffrey Franklin. It did one's soul good to think of having had even a little part in contributing to the restored comfort and happiness of these appreciative people. One hundred houses were built in this village by Friends.

Evidence was plentiful as we drove up the street that the French people are committed to the time-honored institution of the Saturday night bath—at least so far as their youngsters are concerned. Indeed it is something of a function, a coming out party as it were, since the bath, as we saw it, takes place in the front dooryard, in the

presence of other members of the family and next door neighbors. The procedure appeared a little informal to us, but as those involved seemed oblivious of the fact we decided to be too.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SAINT JOAN

The old church at Sermaize proved doubly interesting because of sacred associations. Here had worshiped Joan of Arc, whither she had come from Domremy to see her uncle who was the parish priest or curé. Near by we visited the home of the curé and walked in the peaceful quiet of his beautiful garden in the cool of the evening.

Our final objective for the day was the hotel resort, La Source, which from 1915 to 1919 had been the headquarters of the Mission. A beautiful, restful place it was, to find at the end of the day's journey.

A CAMOUFLAGE OF CIVILIZATION

As we rode back and forth through the region of the Argonne Forest, observing the terrible devastation which war had wrought, it all came home to us anew as a heavy indictment of a civilization that would permit such wanton destruction. Especially did it so appeal when we observed in the side of a high hill openings or caves, in which men had lived and from which they had fought with the desperation of animals. The age of the cave man, of tooth and claw, of the twilight of the dawn of history, had returned. Does it mark another twilight, the twilight of civilization's evening?

And then, the ghastly nakedness of the open places! Beautifully arbored roads, marked now by barren stumps; entanglements of wire and mocking camouflage strewn everywhere; piles upon piles of shells by the roadsides, stacked like cord wood, above which the laconic but ominous words, "Danger, le Mort;" concrete "pill boxes," silent and significant memorials to Mars, standing bleak and sullen in what had been fertile, grass-green meadows; and worst of all the cruel destruction of lovely villages and comfortable homes—desolation everywhere.

THE REASSURING RAYS OF GOOD CHEER

Athwart such a background of distress shone the reassuring rays of good cheer and good will from the "service of love in war time" rendered by Friends. Frankly, in the face of the intimate and official connection which the writer had had with it, he was astonished at the extent, scope and effectiveness of the work of our Mission in France. In material, tangible achievement the results were remarkable. Even a casual observer could not but be impressed with the capacity, ingenuity, devotion and industry of our workers.

Striking evidence of this material, tangible achievement was given us on the third day's ride from Clermont to Sermaize. As we neared the region of the latter where the pioneer work of Friends had been done, how greatly was the appearance of the landscape changed! In place of the bleak desolation of No Man's Land from which we had come, we found well cultivated fields

whose waving grain had concealed and healed over the wounds of war, and yet we were assured by Geoffrey Franklin that this district had appeared as utterly hopeless as No Man's Land through which we had been riding.

Neither were evidences lacking of the intangible and even more far reaching results of the work of the Mission. It was seen in the manifestations of renewed life and hope and courage which greeted us as we made our way through the little villages struggling back to normal life; in the hearty greetings which awaited us, especially those whom the people recognized as friends as well as Friends. We recall our having stopped out in the country before a pleasant little cottage. Even from afar the young wife recognized our Scotch friends and ran to meet them with an abandon of joy and welcome that was more eloquent than any words could be. With what pride did she take them about to show them the evidence of comfort and happiness restored to the little home; to see the family goat which they had acquired, the chickens and the rabbits. Very homely and commonplace this might be considered, but it spoke volumes concerning the heart which had been put into the people and of the splendid results of the ministrations of good will.

Most hopeful of all was the happy presence of the little children. Dauntless as is the spirit of the elders, it is hard for them to rise completely above the desolation which confronts them as they return to broken homes; but the little ones, bright and cheerful now that food is plentiful, play

among the ruins and the scenes of distress, tokens of the new France which will yet arise on the ruins of the old. And will they not cherish in their hearts the service of love which has come to them from friends across the sea? May not their spirits be so touched with good will that they may be able to rise above the fogs of hate which still hover over a battle-scarred country! This is the hope which cheers us forward.

On the morning of the fourth and last day of our tour of the battle and Friends Reconstruction area, we left our touring bus at Sermaize which was driven back to Verdun to meet the next party. So we took reluctant farewell of genial Geoffrey who had been so patient with us when we had straggled along behind hunting war souvenirs, who had exercised a watchful eye in herding us out of places of lurking danger and who had generously dispensed information. We took the same kind of a farewell of Francois, the big Belgian chauffeur, who had proved so safe and sane a pilot and who had shown himself helpfully cooperative in many ways, even to shooting off and rendering pacific the big shells which we gathered up to bring home for the adornment of our Friendly homes. Dick Balderston went on with us from Sermaize as personal conductor.

A short ride brought us to Chalons where we made a stop of two or three hours to visit the maternity hospital, which has been operated continuously since 1914 when it was established by the Friends War Victims' Relief Committee and

which is now known as the Maternity Hospital for the department of the Marne.

Just a few figures will suffice to indicate how this Friendly hospital has ministered to the needs of the Department of the Marne during the war. For a greater or less period one thousand seventy-five children, refugees from the invaded area, were cared for so well that not one of them died. Babies, many of them foundlings, to the number of nearly one thousand have found a home here until other provision was made for them, and some twelve hundred babies have been born in the hospital. And at a time too when, amid the distraction and devastation of war, the poor mothers had no other place of refuge.

But figures are not nearly so impressive as the little tots themselves, so we hasten on into the hospital, where we are greeted by Mademoiselle Jaqueline Merle who is in charge. And as long as she *remains* in charge there can be no doubt that, under French management, the hospital will be maintained in the same Friendly spirit in which it was founded. Very strongly indeed did she impress her splendid personality upon us all—her fine spirit of international good will, ennobled by devoted service and sacrifice.

THE BABES IN NO MAN'S LAND

In this maternity hospital we found touching evidence of a by-product of war as distressing as any we had observed in No Man's Land. Indeed this *was* No Man's Land for these babies who had been left behind, fatherless and nameless, by the

ebb tides of war. The tides of war rose and fell over this district, and we were told that each receding tide, whatever the nationality of the retiring army, American as well as German, left in its wake about the same number of helpless little ones for some one to care for. Hence it was something of a study in internationalism that we made that morning as we inspected the hospital babies. A baby's a baby for a' that and it was not long until our party had succumbed to the charms of these, whom we were holding and cuddling as appreciatively as if they were honor bright home babies.

Following the close of the war, the need for the maternity hospital continued, yet the Department of the Marne was not in a position financially to maintain it. It appealed to Friends as a fine thing to do to build and equip here at Chalons a modern hospital as a memorial of our work in France and turn it over to the French. Melvin A. Cawl, a young Quaker architect of Brooklyn, was secured to draw the plans and supervise the construction of such a hospital. His enthusiasm over the project on which he has labored so faithfully and efficiently was contagious. Thoroughly modern and adequate, built to conserve the life of the next generation, the hospital will stand as an enduring monument to the cause of good will in which Friends served France in her sore need.

MADAME LISTENS IN ON THE EDITOR

"This French cooking is all right but I don't know how much of it I could stand." Thus remarked the writer to a couple of our party on the

train from Chalons to Epernay, he having even then internal evidence upon which to base his expression of skepticism. Noting a smile playing on the lips and dancing in the eyes of the lady sitting opposite him in the compartment, he remarked to her that it was evident that there were others among those present who understood English. She explained that before her marriage she had lived in England, intimating that she would like to live there again. As for ourselves we might have assured her that so far as the cooking was concerned we would promptly withdraw our reservation if English restaurant diet were involved as an alternative!

Madame's husband, who was with her but who apparently did not speak English, was the station master at Epernay. They had lived through the ordeals of fire during the periods of the war when this district was so fiercely fought over and Madame had some thrilling experiences which, however, she referred to quite simply and briefly. On one occasion she arose in the night at the danger signal and fled to safety, to find later that hardly had she gone when a bomb crashed through her room. She declared that for eight months she did not go to bed at night.

"TEACHER HELEN" SUFFERS MENTAL LAPSE

It is not wise to take it for granted in traveling on the continent that no one about you understands English—or even American! (A shop window in Paris carries the legend—"English spoken, American understood.") "Teacher Helen" of West-

town will bear us out in this. In order to hold up her part of the conversation with an affable, intelligent gentleman riding in the same compartment with her, she brought up her entire linguistic reserves of French and German, with results that left something to be desired. As they were parting he said in good English, "This has been very enjoyable!" And our friend was so dazed that she couldn't think of any English words in which to reply. Her sad plight reminded us of the hunter who, on facing his first bear, tried vainly to think what use could be made of a gun when you were not near enough to club the beast over the head!

REIMS—A CASUAL OBSERVATION

Instead of returning directly to Paris from Epernay, we took the short trip north to Reims where we had sufficient time between trains to visit the famous Cathedral. On the one hand we are assured that the "Huns" made the Cathedral a special order of business in target practice upon the city. On the other we have heard it stated positively that the towers were being used as look-outs by the Allies and that the discovery of the fact drew the German fire. We do not have the facts with which to enter the controversy even did we so desire. Our view of the Cathedral, standing out boldly against the sky from the high ground of Reims, does lead us to make this observation: that *if* the Germans did make a target of it, we have very little respect for their marksmanship or for the execution of their much vaunted Big Berthas.

After having spent four strenuous days on this tour, it was a slow crowd that took the fast train back to Paris that afternoon.

TAKING FRENCH LEAVE

The Professor, the Economist and the Scribe, having an engagement (or thinking they had!) with Lord Somebody or Other in London to show them through Parliament on the day prior to the opening of the London Conference, we announced to our companions with an air of importance, why *we* must be hurrying back to England. Of course Friends who didn't have appointments to keep with nobility, might dillydally about Paris a day or so longer.

Now we should like to know who ever invented that expression, "taking French leave." As a matter of fact we unraveled more red tape and suffered more vexation of spirit in getting away from the capital of our grateful Ally than from any other country in Europe. To begin with one needed a guide to find his way to the den of the police authorities who must be propitiated before we could get out of the country. Entrance to said den led through what appeared to be the city livery stable and up a back flight of stairs. To make as much trouble as possible, it was required that our papers be left with them one day and that we return for the desired release on the next. As we waited and waited in the long line and saw the high and mighty air in which the official flunkies browbeat proud spirited Americans, we confess to having experienced a feeling of internal relief

when a fellow countryman lifted up his voice in an uncensored and unrestrained expression of his opinion of a government which would so harrass the citizens of the country which had saved it from the Huns! It was a vicarious outburst, relieving a smouldering silence which bordered on the profane. Taking French leave indeed!

We had an interesting and stimulating traveling companion from Paris to London, in a young man who was the traveling representative of an English manufacturing company of Sheffield. Incidentally he gave us a vivid picture of the nervous tension in which the people of Sheffield and of cities similarly bombarded, lived during the period when German air craft were bombing English towns. But the young man himself was more interesting to us than the interesting things he related. Formal education in the schools he had almost none, having started to work as an apprentice when a mere boy. By dint of closest application however, he had mastered six or seven languages including Russian, had read history widely and made a close study of political and economic problems and had an understanding of world conditions today that was impressive. We could not but compare this self-made, self-educated young Englishman with our average college graduate who finishes his education on Commencement day! Hereafter we shall always associate Sheffield cutlery with this keen minded young Britisher who is its advance agent in the various countries of Europe.

IX

BREAKING INTO PARLIAMENT

A FRIEND at Devonshire House had undertaken, before we left London for France, to arrange with his good friend Lord Somebody or Other, to take us three American political scientists to call upon Parliament. Now almost any lord might have the privilege of playing host to one or even two American savants, but to do the honors at one and the same time for a trio of them—three in one so to speak—would indeed be some distinction! Through our Devonshire Friend we had informed the lord as to the day when it would suit our convenience for him to serve as our Parliamentary guide—and had straightway hurried off to the continent.

A SAD CASE OF ALIBITIS

So now, on the morning after our return from France we made our way to the office of our Friend in Devonshire House. For this was the day of our engagement! As our Friend looked upon our three expectant young faces his hands went up and his countenance down. "Oh, if you could only have been here yesterday!" he exclaimed. "A party of forty American Friends was shown through the Parliament buildings by the one remaining Quaker member of Commons." But we gently suggested that that was not the day we had

set, and moreover, that it was a live lord and not a remnant Commons Quaker who was to be *our* personal conductor. And then he broke it tactfully to us that Lord Somebody or Other had failed for some inscrutable reason even to acknowledge the honor which we had proposed to confer upon him. (A note from him later disclosed a bad case of "alibitis." We cannot say whether English lords are markedly alibitic or not but the alibi germ had certainly got into the system of this one.)

WE BREAK WITH ENGLISH HOYLE

We were a bit dazed, to say the least, and not so much at the defection of our lord as at the air of finality with which our Friend apparently considered the matter a closed incident. We explained that to see Parliament was the one thing above all others upon which we had set our hearts, our three hearts; that Parliament was closing ("rising" they call it) on the following day and there *must* be *some* way whereby our fond hope could be realized. (Moreover, what kind of an alibi could *we* offer to the friends we left behind in Paris over whom we had lorded it with our Parliament engagement?) But, in true English style, our Friend shook his head discouragingly. There was a recognized program whereby a visit to Parliament is accomplished. If the thing couldn't be done by the program it couldn't be done at all. In this case the program had failed. "So sorry," boys, but there is nothing to be done about it. Good morning. And we found ourselves out in the cold on an August morning in London—in the language of the

street, an American street, all dressed up and nowhere to go.

According to hoyle, English hoyle, there was nothing for us to do but forget British Parliament and commit ourselves to the Tower or go jump off London Bridge. Neither appealed to us. And while we could forgive—his lordship—we just couldn't forget—Parliament. Moreover it isn't according to American hoyle to take an Englishman's word for it that a thing can't be done. So we went into an American committee of the whole on ways and means.

We emerged promptly with an inspiration. Carl Ackerman! Why, of course! A former student of two of us, a fellow collegian of the other and a friend of all three—and world-known journalist, now head of the foreign news bureau of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. He of all men could wave us into Parliament with his magic journalistic wand. Big with hope we piled on top of a bus for Charing Cross where we made our way to the office of the *Ledger*. A fair one greeted us—with the sad intelligence that Mr. Ackerman had just left the office to go to Belgium! Our collapse was not total but it was certainly one blue funk into which our spirits descended. It really seemed that the verdict of our English Friend must be final after all.

WHEREIN WE GET OUR SECOND WIND—"ON TO PARLIAMENT"

But hope (with determination) springs eternal. Squaring our shoulders and setting our jaws

we came out of our brown study and blue funk, soliloquizing thus: "Here we are, three Americans in London, all teachers past or present of English Government. Almost within stone's throw of us, the actual wheels of government are turning and this is the one chance we have to see them. There is no good reason why we should not be in Parliament before the day is over. We want to see London anyway and we may just as well be seeing it while pushing our quest. On to Parliament!"

We remembered having heard that one of the officials at the American Consulate in London had been married in America by a Quaker minister in the person of Preacher Pretlow. We could not remember his name but thought it began with H. We had no data as to how successful his matrimonial venture had been, but presuming in the affirmative, it occurred to us that we might play up our Quaker connections, including the aforementioned officiating minister, and thus secure H's good offices for getting us into Parliament. It wasn't the most substantial clue to be sure, but it was the best we had so we hailed a taxi for 18 Cavendish Square. But we couldn't find any one at the Consulate whose name began with H and who had been married by a Quaker minister, however eminent. We learned afterward that the man we sought was in the Consulate at Manchester instead of London.

We told our concern to an old timer official of sympathetic mien—and this mien is rare in official circles—who told us that where we wanted to go was to the American Embassy. Thanking

him we were on our way by bus to 4 Grosvenor Garden.

A hearty reception was given us here. A young man was cordiality itself and also deeply sympathetic for he explained with tears in his voice that the Embassy had but two Parliament tickets per day at its disposal and that they had been spoken for days ahead. He suggested that we see what we could do at the American University Union near the British Museum!

Here we soon established points of contact with Dr. McLean, Director of the Union, who appeared glad to help us. He had no tickets but said he was well acquainted with a few members of Parliament who had offered to show favors to him such as we were seeking. He gave us cards of introduction to two members of Commons and thus armed we post hasted to the Parliament buildings, it being now the middle of the afternoon.

We made the first entrance without challenge. Outside the vestibule to the House of Commons we found a crowd of watchful waiters drawn up in two lines and domineered by several authoritative cops or Bobbies. The watchful waiter presents his card to a Bobby who gives it to a messenger who goes in search of the member desired. Every once in a while a list is returned to Bobby who shouts in stentorian voice the names of those members who cannot be found. When the member is found and comes out, his name is shouted and likewise that of the person or persons who had sent for him.

Having made out a formal request on a blank

as provided, we stepped up to the Bobby Generalissimo with an air of confidence, presenting the name of one of our Parliament friends as though we might be on intimate terms with him and desired him to come out and take a cup of tea with us. Glancing at the card Bobby glared at us, exclaiming, "Why, he's in Canada—has been gone two weeks." In Canada! And without having given us a word as to his intentions! Somewhat shaken, we withdrew from the august presence and filled out another blank with the name of Commoner No. 2, Mr. Lyle Samuel. The name was sent in and we joined the ranks of watchful waiters.

THE GOAL AT LAST

Now and then a list of members not found was read, and we hung breathlessly on every name. At last we heard the name of Samuel linked with our own and we stepped forward to meet the most gracious and the handsomest member of the House. Naturally he looked good to us just then, but he would look fine and commanding to any one. We were proud of such an escort. Since we were Dr. McLean's friends we were also his. Chatting sociably the while he took us inside and arranged to have us seated in the small gallery reserved for guests of members. Thus, at the end of our day's quest, we were seated at four o'clock (the day's session doesn't open until mid-afternoon) immediately over the House of Commons and facing the Speaker. And by dint of marvelous self-control we refrained from breaking forth

in three good American rah, rah, rahs. By virtue of our own persistent effort, which was not according to program, we had been personally conducted into Parliament.

The House of Commons was considering a proposed constitution for Ceylon which opened up a discussion of self-government in the British colonies, involving the whole question of colonial administration. A very appropriate subject indeed to be considered in the presence of three Americans, who, but for an historic little difference of opinion on this very subject a century and a half previous, might now have been subject to this very Parliament. We gathered from remarks made in the discussion, that very rarely does this subject, important as it is, get an airing before Parliament itself. Very fortunate did we feel ourselves to be therefore, to be present on this day of all days when those principles of colonial administration which underlie the very structure of British government were under discussion.

A FEW COMPARISONS, ODIOUS OR OTHERWISE

Naturally we began making comparisons between the Commons and Congress. We face the Speaker sitting in the semi-seclusion of his canopied throne, gazing around with the solemnity of a venerable owl. In contrast, it would take an ungovernable imagination that could picture Joe Cannon presiding over Congress, thus bewigged and begowned. With equal solemnity the House reporters or secretaries were seated sedately in front of the Speaker's mausoleum, likewise be-

wigged and begowned. And we recalled seeing congressional shorthand reporters walking up in front of the member who had the floor, that they might "get him" the more easily!

One hesitates to generalize on the basis of one afternoon's observations, especially as the attendance was not large. We could not see that the standard of ability of the members is higher than that of our House of Representatives. Theoretically it is higher, but we couldn't see it. Some days after, we read in a London paper an interesting comment on the personnel of the present Parliament to the effect that it is perhaps below the standard in ability.

The speaking was informal rather than formal, perhaps a dozen or more speeches being made on the subject at issue. Some of the speakers were very informal indeed, stammering and stuttering like bashful school boys. Others spoke simply, directly and effectively. Perhaps the most effective speaker was a clean cut young Laborite who wore a blue soft shirt and collar. One member who participated in the discussion had been in the service as an officer and every speaker who referred to him did so in terms of "the most gallant member" from so and so, until the latter was gallanted all over the House.

The manner of showing approval of a speaker's words appears strange and weird to an American. There is no applause as we know it in the clapping of hands. If a member likes what is being said he calls out, "hear! hear!" Such approval is very individualistic and very informal.

No one seems to wait for another. It need not be general at all. A lone man will call out "hear! hear!" when an American would hesitate to do a lone hand in applause. Likewise there seemed to be more of true sportsmanship and independence in manifesting approval, disregarding party lines more than we are inclined to do. When, as now and then occurred, approval broke forth in chorus, the result was to us something entirely new in noisome effects.

After a while our host, Mr. Samuel, came up to speak to us and bade us a cordial farewell, he having to leave the session before the day's adjournment. The House members filed out for a recess, presumably to take tea, along about six o'clock. Not knowing how soon the session would be resumed, we debated whether to remain longer. Mindful of the long road we had traveled that day in arriving and fearful of missing something interesting, we concluded to sit tight a while longer. Canny decision! Within half an hour the members came filing in again. And this time "leading all the rest," came the little political wizard, Lloyd George, short and dumpy, sharp eyed, shaggy maned, who took his seat at the head of the Government bench on the right, facing the Opposition on the left. Beside him stretched that supercilious, disdainful political thoroughbred, Winston Churchill.

A DRAMATIC MOMENT

The atmosphere of the Chamber was charged with tense feeling and we were not kept long in suspense as to its source. A minority leader arose

from the Opposition bench and facing Lloyd George to whom he spoke directly, read a continental dispatch which had just appeared in an afternoon paper (since we had entered the Parliament building) to the effect that Great Britain had come to an understanding with France looking toward joint recognition and support of General Wrangel, leading the army of reaction in Russia. Involving such far reaching political and military consequences, it was a sensational disclosure and the Opposition demanded an adequate explanation.

And thus we got to hear David Lloyd George, who rose to answer for the Government. It was a dramatic moment. In keeping therewith the big little Premier, who is a consummate actor as well as a very adroit politician, broke with low, slowly measured words the expectant silence, disclaiming knowledge of the dispatch, repudiating its substance and setting forth the Russian policy of the Government. The morning papers were heavily headlined with the incident, which we felt ourselves strikingly fortunate to have witnessed.

We had seen dramatically demonstrated the very crux of British Parliamentary Government—the direct and constant responsibility of the Cabinet to the nation as represented by Parliament. Under similar circumstances what might easily have happened at Washington? Congress and Senate might have wrought themselves into turmoil of confusion for days and weeks over a rumored stroke of foreign policy without getting within a mile of the facts, having little or no immediate

authoritative contact with the Executive branch, except as the latter might choose to volunteer information. But here, within an hour of the appearance of the dispatch in public print, the Government was faced with it and an explanation demanded and given. And we American teachers of English Government had seen the theory demonstrated in fact. After a session so singularly rich to American visitors in its political implications, we left the Parliament building and, in the language of the old-time country newspaper, "feeling that it had been good to be there."

A GUIDE OF PARTS

Some time after our visit to the House of Commons, the writer, accompanied by Robert Pretlow, returned when Parliament was not in session for a more general observance of the Parliament buildings. It was on a Saturday morning and we found ourselves in a regular stream of visitors—some free lances as we, here a small group personally conducted and there a large drove herded here and there like so many cattle. We had hardly entered the building when the writer noted a small party of three or four in charge of a guide of such apparent poise and authority as to attract our attention. After listening to him briefly, a little apart, we stepped up and asked him if he would take on two more. He put it up to his little party to which he had been devoting himself for two or three days. They graciously acquiesced and informal introductions were exchanged. One of the gentlemen, accompanied by his wife and little

daughter, was a Canadian editor and the other was a near, back home neighbor in the person of a Cincinnati business man.

The guide, whom the writer chartered later for a special expedition, proved to be one of the best known in London. As official guide to the American Y. M. C. A. he conducted over sixty thousand American and Canadian troops on sight-seeing tours around London during the last eighteen months of the war. In the eyes of some however, greater interest would doubtless attach to him from the fact that not long before it was he who had piloted Douglas and Mary P. Fairbanks on their widely advertised honeymoon tour of London and vicinity.

We would not weary readers with a conventional description of what everybody sees who visits the Parliament buildings and other show places of London. Suffice it to mention two or three things observed in the former, suggestive of more or less recent events.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHRAPNEL BEFORE

It is an old lesson in historical geography—the protection afforded Great Britain in its "first line of defense," as the English Channel may be termed. The conquest of the air may write a new chapter. There is a little hole to be seen in one of the high windows of one of the halls of Parliament. Across the room there is a mural painting of a naval engagement and on the knee of a wounded sailor is a fresh wound, where the piece

of shrapnel which entered through the high window struck the opposite wall. The painting is the representation of Trafalgar which is the symbol of British supremacy on the sea. Only a little piece of stray shrapnel and a scratch on the wall—only that and nothing more?

In the ante-room of the House of Lords there is a row of coat hooks, each the possession of a lord member. Among the reservations is still that one kept for Lord Kitchener who, early in the war, was presumably lost at sea. A Kitchener legend of mystery has grown up, however, in recognition of which the coat hook is still reserved awaiting his possible return.

AN ECHO OF LADIES' DAY

The brass in the windows of an open court of the House of Commons has an interesting history though recent. High above the House is the ladies' gallery, formerly latticed off by grills of brass. In the stormy days of suffragette militancy prior to the war, it was from this gallery that the suffragettes were accustomed to make their noisy demonstrations until they would be ejected. Finally they conceived the clever idea of chaining themselves to these grills which prevented their ejection until officers could file the chains. The delay always gave the militant women ample opportunity for carrying on their offensive against Parliament. The grills were taken out and the brass used in preserving what might be called a memorial suffragette window.

From Parliament we naturally went to West-

minster Abbey near by, where those who become great in Parliament are rewarded by the nation with a last resting place. Westminster receives the great among statesmen and litterateurs and St. Pauls those among the military and painters.

A LITTLE GOSSIP ON THE GUELPHS

Of course we had to take a conventional interest in the royal palaces in this section of London, maintained at an enormous charge upon the national revenue. A striking illustration, this, of how the British do deference to medieval custom and tradition. Some two centuries ago political chance tossed a very ordinary, phlegmatic German family named Guelph upon the throne in England, since which time it has maintained itself as little more than a foil to the unfolding story of English progress. With the possible exception of Victoria, the Guelphs have lacked the qualities of character and ability that would endear them to a nation. Yet if royalty must be maintained as a desirable symbol, and the nation is willing to pay the bills, perhaps one family will serve the purpose as well as another. We understand that when the war broke out, the King had the family name changed from Guelph, which savored too much of his ancestral beginnings, to Windsor. Mr. and Mrs. George Windsor it will be therefore if a revolution comes along one of these days and blows them off the throne.

There is this to be said however. If there were no royalty, alas there would be no glittering, effulgent Royal Horse Guards, to parade soberly

around the city for the entertainment and amusement of visitors. They are almost as funny as the military staff of one of our homespun governors and seem to take themselves even more seriously if possible.

The reaction of our guide to the question of royalty and its financial implications was interesting and not a little illuminating. The father of a large family, with sons in the war and one having sacrificed his life, and he himself having been in service for a period, he was representative of that intelligent citizenship that bears the burdens. If we may judge from his rather well guarded expressions, post-war burdens have wrought a decided change in the attitude of the common people toward the royal family; not that there is any feeling of personal ill will toward their sovereigns —they merely rebel in spirit against the useless extravagances involved in view of the intolerable financial burdens they are called upon to meet. "They tell us," he said, "that the crown jewels in the Tower, worth now perhaps seventy-five million pounds, belong to us, the people; that they are our wealth. Much good they are doing us there! What is my part of it all? Not a pin point!"

JUST LOOKING AROUND

But we found the most fun in London, not in viewing the ugly royal palaces, in standing in the subdued presence of the departed great of earth in cathedral and abbey, in gazing upon the wealth of art in the National Gallery nor even in exploring the various rooms of the Tower where the pic-

turesquely attired but ill tempered "Beef Eaters" hold sway. The most fun was had in just "looking around" and running onto unexpectedly interesting things and associations: passing the old St. Mary Bow Church bells in Cheapside which called out to the poor boy leaving London, discouraged, "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London;" musing in the Guild Hall, center of medieval municipal pomp, in the erection of which the aforementioned Whittington, one of the most wealthy and influential men of his day, played so large a part; lunching in the picturesque old Cheshire Cheese, haunt of eighteenth century literary lights; locating the shortest street in the world—Derby Street at the entrance to Scotland Yard—the length of one narrow little house; poking around the Inner Temple and Temple courts, familiar to readers of Dickens, the rendezvous of the Knights Templar from 1184 and where they worshiped prior to setting forth on crusades to the Holy Land; meeting up not only with the Old Curiosity Shop but with others in kind; cautiously making a tour of Petticoat Lane, the street market of the Jews, where a purse left at home is worth two in the pocket; exploring the haunts of crime in Whitechapel, scene of the sensational Jack the Ripper murders of some years ago; an excursion to Hyde Park, London's famous open air forum where every ism under the sun is preached. But the best of all was just riding around and over the city on the top deck of a London bus. There is nothing else just like it. That is London.

X

HAMBURG AND WAY POINTS

EARLY morning immediately following the close of the London Conference saw a quintet of American Friends gathering at Victoria Station from various points of London and vicinity to take the boat train for Dover. Herman Newman was returning to Dresden for another month's service as supervisor of child feeding in that district. Gilbert Bowles was on his way to Switzerland by way of southern Germany in which he wished to observe something of our work. Robert Pretlow, Ancil Ratliff and the Editor, were headed towards Germany, but, in the words of the former, "like Abraham of old we went forth not knowing whither we went."

We five men with sundry pieces of luggage, squeezed ourselves into one small compartment, together with one lone Englishman and a cane. Perhaps we were on a natural rebound from the strain and stress of the Conference from which we were now released. At any rate, in the classic words of the Irish monologist, "there were five of us and we had a most iligant time," as the jokes flew thick and fast. We are not speaking of course for the aforementioned cane, and much less for our Englishman.

In traveling, at home or abroad, one is certain to find some widely heralded attraction much over-

done and disappointing, and is therefore inclined to assume that attitude of deprecation made famous by Mark Twain. We felt something of this for example when riding down Unter den Linden in Berlin. As a matter of fact it is almost a question of one's being able to get "unter" those scraggly, runty linden trees which we had pictured as towering high above this famous, Kaiserly boulevard. For those who ride up and down it atop of a two-story bus it might as well be called uber den Linden.

UNTER DEN DOVER CHALK CLIFFS

Happily there are the affirmative as well as the negative surprises and we found one of these in the Dover Chalk Cliffs, which we had imagined as presenting a rather dull, grayish, uninviting approach to Merry England. In the first place they are higher than we had anticipated, and more nearly perpendicular, rising sheer out of the sea to a height of three hundred feet and more. As the sun shines upon them they appear white rather than gray. They make a most impressive approach to the Anglo-Saxon land. Crossing the Channel at Dover four times, the Cliffs became ever more attractive.

NO OSTEND MANIFESTOS

From Dover our objective was Ostend. None of us issued any manifestos as to how it would be with us on the three or four hour ride across the Channel. On this particular day the latter acted true to form and so also did a goodly number of

the passengers. Before the crossing was accomplished the Quaker Quintet itself could hardly have been recognized had it been encountered by the Englishman and the cane. The "sound of revelry" had stilled and with one accord we reverted to an orthodox Quakerly attitude of silence and waiting. With us, as with all, we have observed how quickly the spirit, the morale of the disconcerted sea voyager returns, once his feet rest again on terra firma. How confidently he talks, with what assurance does he speak of his late condition, "straightway forgetting what manner of man he was."

At Ostend we got a train for Cologne and were soon on our way through the heart of Belgium, by way of Ghent and Brussels. While known as "occupied territory" during the war, it was not fought over to any extent, and the Belgian landscape, colorful with its purple cabbages, presented a peaceful aspect. No more so, however, than the interior aspect in our compartment, where Agriculturist Ancil and Preacher Pretlow dozed peacefully under the somnolent spell of the Ostend to Brussels dissertation of our pacifist philosopher, Herman Newman.

"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER"

It seemed a pity to ride straight through Belgium, even Belgium's capital, with hardly a stop, so the Agriculturist, the Preacher and the Editor, the "knowing not whithers," decided on short notice to disembark at Brussels. It was a dark and rainy evening, hence there was no occasion

for our hurrying through the good dinner which we discovered in an unpretentious restaurant. In surveying the possibilities of the morrow, some one mentioned Waterloo, whereupon a distinctly literary flavor was added to our dinner as my companions, "spelling" each other, reeled off the following lines from Byron's description of the night before the battle:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!"

Once upon a time, long long ago, perhaps these lines were found in the old McGuffey readers into which, it would almost seem, all classics sooner or later found their way. Or, perhaps it was the fact that they were in McGuffey that made them classics! In either case, I always count it a privilege to be in company with older friends of the

McGuffey generation and hear them rehearse together some of the old masterpieces which are associated so intimately with their student days. Often do I marvel at their ability to recite the old selections. I am convinced that whatever progress has since been achieved in educational methods has not been without some sacrifices, among which is our failure to memorize and make our own for all time more of the enduring in literature. My own limitations in this respect stood out in bold relief, though relief is hardly the word, in the presence of my literary companions, one of whom had served on a committee with Lew Wallace, Maurice Thompson and James Whitcomb Riley which drafted the Constitution of the Western Writers' Association.

ON THE WAY TO WATERLOO

Visiting the battlefield of Waterloo, twelve or fifteen miles south of Brussels, was made the main order of business for the following day. We got an early morning start, and as we walked to the trolley car were much interested in seeing the milk and fruit carts drawn along the street by dogs, hitched sometimes before and sometimes under the cart. It was an attractive morning ride we had, leading us out through a very substantial section of the well built city and then alongside a beautiful park-like forest, such as Europeans appreciate and develop accordingly.

Having to change cars at a junction some miles out, we walked the remaining three miles to the town of Waterloo, our walk taking us through at-

tractive open country and along a well paved, tree bordered road. Away in the distance we glimpsed the British Lion which towers regally over the historic scene of conflict. At Waterloo we visited the house which Wellington made his headquarters immediately before and after the battle, the table in his bedroom being shown on which he wrote the dispatch announcing his victory. Napoleon likewise sent a victory dispatch, from the battlefield, but before "the conclusion of the whole matter" as it proved.

From the town it was a ride of another three miles out to the battlefield, raised high above which is an immense mound of earth two thousand feet in circumference, coming to a peak one hundred sixty-five feet in air. Surmounting the mound is the twenty-four-ton lion, wrought out of metal salvaged from the wreck-strewn field of carnage. The mound itself was made largely by peasant women it is said, though with what truth we cannot say, who carried the dirt in baskets with which to raise this impressive memorial. In this manner the original elevations of the field have been removed so that now the eye looks out over a vast, level plain in which the strategic Mont Saint Jean is but a name and a memory. Suggestive at least is it not of how the heavy burdens of war fall upon women, and with what labor the mountains of war are to be leveled if ever. Is it too much to hope that with the power of the ballot in her hands woman may prove a deciding influence in removing this useless burden upon the world, leveling the mountains of war into the plains of peace?

We approached the monument along the road which on June eighteenth, 1815, was the hollow road of Ohain, the fateful hidden ravine running along the crest of the plateau of Mont Saint Jean. Up the plateau rode the French cuirassiers in that memorable charge against the British line, already giving way, only to plunge headlong in confusion and disaster into the chasm which had escaped the penetrating eye of Napoleon as he had carefully swept the field with his telescope before ordering the charge. It was the beginning of the end.

Hardly the beginning, either. That had come the night before in a shower of rain which softened the ground sufficiently to make it very difficult to maneuver artillery, Napoleon's long suit in winning battles. He therefore opened battle about noon, instead of early in the morning. Only six hours difference but it gave Blücher time to come up. As Victor Hugo puts it, "In order to make Waterloo the end of Austerlitz Providence only required a little rain, and a cloud crossing the sky at a season when rain was not expected was sufficient to overthrow an empire."

JUST A FEW MONUMENT TOP REFLECTIONS

Albeit the topography of the country has been altered, it is easy from the top of the monument to visualize the battle of Waterloo as so dramatically pictured by Hugo in Les Miserables. It was a soft, beautiful day and as we gazed over the peaceful scene it was difficult to realize that here was written the concluding chapter of the world war of one hundred years ago. A glorious victory

for freedom! And followed by a tide of reaction in European politics which pointed the way to an endless series of wars and rumors of wars, culminating a century later in another world orgy of blood. Is the aftermath of Vienna in 1815 to be repeated in the aftermath of Paris in 1919? Is not such the logical aftermath of such "glorious victories?" How appropriate the words which Southey in his "Battle of Blenheim," another McGuffey treasure by the way, puts into the mouth of simple hearted Old Kaspar as he tries to answer questions of his little grandchildren, raised by the discovery of a skull on the battlefield.

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

* * * * *

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a glorious victory."

Mindful of the fact that the members of our party signed up for travel and not for pacifist

monologues, and seeing some of them getting a little restive, we retrace our way down the two hundred odd steps leading from the monument. Near its foot Agriculturist Ancil finds something which moves him to raptures, as did nothing else in the beautiful capital of the Belgians and its environs. It is a white sow in a pig stye.

A WALK ABOUT BRUSSELS

Returning to Brussels in the afternoon we visited, first, the public square, reputed to be the most beautiful in Europe. It is not large and at first one is not particularly impressed. It is only when one begins to observe the artistic old guild halls which enclose it that one's admiration is aroused. It is almost like being set down in the midst of by-gone centuries, when the trade and craft guilds dominated the economic life, and to a large extent the political as well, especially in these the low countries of northwestern Europe. In a delightful walk through this historic and picturesque section of the city we passed on to the royal, show part of Brussels, including the palace of King Albert, which we presume our friend Sam Hill of Seattle makes his headquarters, when, in his frequent excursions over Europe, he stops off in Brussels a few days for a "run in" with his chum Albert.

In walking the streets of the city we were most favorably impressed with its people. They bore the stamp of character and refinement. As compared with other continental peoples engaged in the war, they seem to have suffered far less. Eco-

nomically, this situation is reflected in the value of their currency, the Belgian franc being worth in exchange twice that of the French franc and from eight to ten times that of the German mark. It was humiliating and exasperating for a proud people to be held in subjection by a high handed foe during the years of occupation, but we were told that with it all, the people went about their business very much as usual.

As we boarded the train for Cologne in the evening we felicitated ourselves upon our day's stop-over, reviewing with much satisfaction the things we had seen. "My, how I wish I had that white sow back home!" exclaimed Agriculturist Ancil.

When asking at Cooks in London for tickets to Cologne we found we could buy only to Herbesthal on the Belgian border. The strip of country from there on to Cologne on the Rhine is occupied territory. It was far on in the night when we passed through Herbesthal and soon we were aroused by the boyish-faced German Conductor who asked for the tickets which we didn't have. We had a little difficulty in making him comprehend our situation—then he was as kind and considerate as could be, saying he would go with us on arriving at Cologne, showing us where to get our tickets, "after taking" as it were. All of which he did on our arrival about midnight, also showing us, as I recall, where to register with the officials and get literal eleventh hour hotel assignments. Certainly our first contact with the new German officialdom was reassuring.

At breakfast next morning we were made to realize that we were in another country. There are two factors which we found could be taken into account as pretty good measuring sticks for judging comparative conditions in the countries we visited: the condition of the little children and the kind of bread which is to be had. We now had our introduction to the latter, in the black, soggy, sour bread with which we were served and against which our stomachs made involuntary protest. For Germany, the staff of life has broken.

The Cathedral is certainly one of the most beautiful and impressive in Europe, though relatively modern. This last suggestion is disconcerting to one who has been raving over it under the impression that it is a real "old timer." One day we heard Friend No. 1 speaking well of the Cologne Cathedral to Friend No. 2. "Yes, but it's so recent," was the damning rejoinder. The Cathedral bears up well however, under the ignominy, which it doubtless hopes to live down in time.

As a matter of fact, though the edifice as it now stands in its completeness is a nineteenth century creation, it dates back in part to 1248. Progress upon it, more or less intermittent for two or three centuries, ceased altogether at the outbreak of the Reformation, not to be resumed until early in the last century. At any rate there was enough of a cathedral here in olden days to lay a basis for the assertion that it gave repose to the bones of Melchior, Kaspar and Balthazar, the three Wise Men of the East, whose skulls are said to have been exhibited here as late as the eighteenth century!

Run in from a sight-seeing tour of the city by a heavy shower—of water of Cologne I suppose we should say—we took sanctuary in the Cathedral. We stood at the rear, observing a service in progress toward the front, and as we looked far down the nave to where the priest in charge was performing his ritual, it seemed as though we were worshipers in absentia—a block away at least. Suggestive is this of the magnificent proportions of the towering Cathedral of Cologne.

Nobody seemed to be making themselves at home in Cologne more thoroughly than the Tommies, this city being the point of British occupation on the Rhine. On all sides could be heard the staccato of their heels upon the pavements, accompanied by the click of the omnipresent cane. They were clean looking, orderly acting chaps, and so far as we could observe, their presence seemed to be taken for granted, without resentment, by the citizens.

A GERMAN CONDUCTOR CONDUCTS RELIEF EXPEDITION

It was about noon when we took train for a ten or twelve hour ride northward to Hamburg, thinking that the train carried a diner. But alas, no diner, which seemed to mean for us a tightening of the belt over what was left of our black bread breakfast. We seemed about to enter sure enough upon a fellowship of hunger with our friends the enemy, which experience was hardly so inviting as an actual prospect as it had been eloquent in theory. Enter the Conductor, German

Conductor No. 2 for us. Quickly sympathetic in our distress, he said some words and made some signs, all of which we interpreted for hope. Sure enough here he came after a while with the substance of things hoped for, having hopped off at a station to forage for the three hungry Amerikaner. And he did a good job of it too—and so did we. Comparisons are odious but we tried mentally to make a cross section of an American conductor getting off his train to play the porter for three hungry foreigners, enemies at that.

Our journey took us first through Krupp land whose capital is Essen, which might almost be said to have been the capital of the old militaristic Germany. Krupps are getting busy as of yore, but are far from back to "normalcy." In fact they are not working in that direction, having turned from the manufacture of munitions of war to that of automobiles and various other munitions of peace.

The long ride gave us little evidence of the widely heralded productivity of the German soil, though we recognized that this section is not so rich agriculturally as some others. The land did not seem to be cultivated more intensively than in America. It must be remembered however, that the Germans have not been able to secure fertilizer since 1914, which failure has resulted in the comparative impoverishment of their land, making intensive cultivation for the time impossible.

Passing through Münster and Osnabrück successively, recalled rather vividly the treaties of Westphalia, 1648, which marked the close of the

deadening and devastating Thirty Years War which left Germany a desolate waste. It will be remembered—at least by my old history students in our party let us hope, fondly hope—that, that.....but wait just a moment please while I reach for that old history text and take an "outside reading" peep into Wakeman to see just what it is that will be remembered! Oh, yes, that the long and ever shifting struggle had developed such bitter hatreds and suspicious jealousies that when, after everybody was exhausted, it came to making peace, the enemies could not be brought to tolerate each other around one and the same peace table, hence two were set up, one at Münster and one at Osnabrück; that six years had been frittered away in purposeless negotiations when finally a strong minded, capable and peace loving young woman, disgusted with the devious, diplomatic dillydallyings, suddenly took a hand in the proceedings, and shaking the little statesmen until their teeth chattered, admonished them to get busy and make peace, which they did. Good for Queen Christina of Sweden.

HOW CHILDHOOD'S MEMORIES CLING

Bremen, the next place of importance through which we passed, I remembered first from my story hour days, as the common destination of the donkey, the "friendly little yellow dog," Dame Puss and Sir Chanticleer, (the object of the latter, "to see some fishes drowned") who, on the way, by vocal team work put a robber band to flight, then—

"To Bremen, strolling slowly on
At last the travelers came;
And there, by giving concerts, all
Attained to lasting fame."

Thus do childhood's memories cling. Was it not fitting therefore that it was here that we first came into touch with our relief work for the little German children? A stalwart citizen of Bremen rode with us from there to Hamburg, who as a soldier had spent four years in a grave in France, as he expressed it. He told us of the efficient work of the Quakers in feeding the hungry children in his city, and with all the more appreciation from the fact that a sister's children were among them. Who knoweth how the memories of the little children of Bremen will cling to the message of love brought by friends across the sea, giving them a friendly outlook upon life begun in distress?

It was nearly midnight (we didn't always arrive at midnight) when we put in appearance at the disconcertingly palatial Atlantic hotel in Hamburg, only to find that our wire for reservations had not been received. Everything was "full up," we were told and there was nothing with which they could accommodate us. We let it be known that we were three American Quakers who were there in the interests of the child feeding. "Just wait a little, while we see what shift we can make," was the prompt reaction. And within a few minutes we found ourselves ensconced and almost lost in an elegant suite of rooms of enormous proportions—and at a half price rate.

We awoke next morning to a refreshing surprise as we looked upon beautiful Hamburg. The name had meant little or nothing to the writer except as that of a great shipping port and of an unidentified steak or a hot sandwich with canine implications. He had not dreamed to find here one of the most attractive cities he had ever seen. At its center lies the Alster Sea, a "gem of purest ray serene," for which the encircling city furnishes an artistic as well as a substantial setting. A friend told us that at times as many as six thousand little pleasure boats might be sèen on the Alster, indicative of the factor it plays in the life and enjoyment of its people. To behold the Alster sparkling under the rays of the sun or reflecting Luna's paler rays, or serving as a reflector for the lights of the city that flash across it, is to appreciate the similie of the ring as applied to it. The city is clean and well kept yet we were told that the Hamburg of today's stagnation, is far in attractive appearance from the Hamburg that was.

While making this introductory survey, we have been on the way down town to the office of the American Friends Service Committee, located in rooms adjoining those of the American Relief Administration, in the Hamburg-American Building. Entering, escorted by Robert Taylor, who is in charge of food distribution from Hamburg, we find ourselves among home folks, since the child feeding of this district is supervised by two Indiana Yearly Meeting girls. Caroline Nicholson, who has been over for some time, has recently been put in charge of the work and is

administering it ably. Effectively assisting her is Alice Ratliff, a more recent arrival, daughter of our traveling companion Ancil. Visiting his sister we find Francis Nicholson, who had preceded us from London a day or so.

THE GLORY THAT WAS HAMBURG'S

As an introduction to what we had come to see of Friends' work in Germany, it was fitting for us to visit first the big warehouses which receive our shipments of food and from which it is distributed to our various feeding centers throughout Germany. Robert Taylor was our pilot, securing for our accommodation the American Relief Committee auto and the very essential official permits, which latter we had to show time without number. Extra precaution was taken due to an unusual state of unrest because of a workmen's strike. As we understand it, the shipping front of Hamburg on the island of the Elbe is really a neutralized section of the city and therefore under a special jurisdiction. By this arrangement it is made a free port in which cargoes may be unloaded and reshipped without being liable for customs duties. Getting from Hamburg general to this free harbour of Hamburg and back requires about as much passporting and visaeing as it does to cross any European frontier.

On this forenoon's trip we were made to realize something of the glory that was Hamburg's. A free city state from medieval times, queen city of the old Hanseatic League, Hamburg had maintained and increased her prestige with the modern

development of the German Empire. At the opening of the war it was the greatest port in Europe and the third greatest in the world. It was the capital of the activities of Herr Ballin and the Hamburg-American Line whose motto was, "Mein Feld ist die Welt." It was the home of those leviathans, the Vaterland and the Imperator and of perhaps half of the vessels which sailed the seas from Germany. It was one of the world's greatest and busiest marts.

The miles upon miles of docks, warehouses and shipyards strung along the Elbe and numberless canals remain, but the accompanying hum of industry is no more. The huge cranes hang specter-like in mid air as if suddenly robbed of their prey. It is inconceivable that such stagnation can be permanent for a city so strategically located. Hamburg cannot be kept down, but its present prostration—the overthrow of its great merchant princes—is ample demonstration of war's upheaval and war's distresses.

Into these deserted warehouses is coming from America that which speaks to this distress as it relates to little children. Mountains of food had never meant quite the same to us that they did that day we beheld them in those warehouses, ready to be shipped out to help level the mountains of war. There was cocoa, three hundred seventy-five thousand pounds of it; two thousand barrels of flour; twenty thousand bags of beans; there was sugar, there was lard, there was milk, evaporated and condensed—the milk of human kindness; in all, perhaps one million dollars worth

of foodstuffs. How badly needed it all was we were yet to see.

In the afternoon Caroline Nicholson and Alice Ratliff took us upon a tour of some of the feeding stations in Hamburg for a visit to the little ultimate consumers. At one station children from six to fourteen years would be fed. Chocolate soup as it is called, really a chocolate pudding, was being served. It is made out of cocoa, milk, flour, sugar and lard. For once, "licking the platter clean" was more than a mere figure of speech. And, joy of joys, with the chocolate soup white rolls were served! Do you get it? White rolls, the first these war-beleagured children had ever seen. How it warmed our hearts to see the comfort and joy which we as Friends are the means of imparting to these hungry-eyed little ones! And the smiles and farewells with which they waved us off were as a brilliant afterglow.

At another station the children fed were under six—some so little and timid, mere babies, that they reluctantly loosed their grasp of mother's skirt to go into the serving room. With all at the table and with bowls filled before them, the little tots bowed their heads and prayed in unison the simple prayer—"Come Lord Jesus, be our guest and bless what thou hast given us. Amen."

A moment ago we alluded to the children as the ultimate consumers. The second thought leads us to doubt whether they are that. As each little one goes home from the feeding station, happy and content with its hunger for the time appeased, it brings joy and thanksgiving to anxious parents'

hearts. In its hand it carries the little food card on which those parents find the sequel to it all in the message of good will brought by those across the sea who seek, as they have always sought, the better way of love. Who, then, is the ultimate consumer?

Late that night we retired to our suite, still under the spell of what we had seen—the beautiful service and the significance of it all. We were spiritually uplifted and words did not come easily. The writer was in one room, his companions in the other and after a while he heard one say to the other, "Were you ashamed today to belong to a church which stands for the kind of service we have been seeing?" Who, after all, is the ultimate consumer?

MESSAGE OF THE PILGRIMS' CHORUS

Whatever else one might see and hear, a visit to Germany would not be complete without having attended a Wagnerian grand opera. We were seven in Hamburg, our little Friendly group, and we made up a little party of ourselves to hear Tannhauser, that opera shot through and through with the Christian message of redemption. We say "party" and such it was in fact. In order that honest people may be home by bed time, the performances begin at six o'clock or thereabouts, so, as is the custom with many, we took a picnic lunch with which we refreshed ourselves between acts.

The opera house was full—a suggestion of a return to pre-war days and of the ruling passion of the German people to whom music is more than

meat. The opera was most impressively rendered. As we followed the course of Tannhauser, recalled from the highway of destruction by the echoes of the ever recurring Pilgrims' song appealing to his nobler self, chastened by his sin until finally he is brought humbly at the foot of the wayside cross in penitence, we looked about over that audience and wondered if those looking and listening so intently were not giving the rather obvious national interpretation to the moving portrayal. We find much indication that Germany is susceptible to the message of the Pilgrims' chorus. But it must be sung to the music of constraining love.

XI

MIRRORS OF SORROW

LEAVING our friends at Hamburg, Robert Pretlow and I went "on to Berlin." Here, with one exception, the Friends we found were new friends to us, but their many kindnesses and our common concern aged us rapidly in our friendship. In the office we found D. Robert Yarnall, then head of the work in Germany, Katherine Cox, director of the Berlin district, Emma Williams and Caroline Norment. Under the protecting ægis of the latter, we made our visits to the feeding stations in and about Berlin.

In the evening Robert Yarnall took us "out home" for the night. It was an apartment which had been leased and occupied by some of our workers in Berlin. Now, as everybody knows, the words apartment and home are not always synonymous, but it will be readily understood why they were unmistakably so in this case when we say that the hostess or "house mother" who greeted us and who ministered to us was Carolena M. Wood. Incidentally, for the writer, it was the one night from Richmond, July seventh, back to Richmond, September sixteenth, that was not spent in a public sleeping place, unless we except the two nights spent at the old Mission headquarters at Clermont-en-Argonne.

The German Quaker study group was meeting

on the night we were in Berlin, and it was our pleasure to visit it. We found some twenty young people, eagerly discussing the problems which events have pressed so closely home upon them and upon us all. This evening they were discussing William Penn's frame of world government as embodied in his league of nations. They were asking each other the universal questions: Will the peace principle really work? Dare we apply it *now* internationally? They were seeking for a sign. Some one told something of Penn's own "holy experiment" in the new world but no one seemed able to give information concerning the results. Being called upon to speak at the close of the hour of discussion, it was the writer's privilege to bring in person to this group at the capital of the enemy, the message of the London Conference addressed to Friends and Fellow-Seekers everywhere. While on his feet he took occasion to tell his hearers something of the results, even until now, of the diplomacy of good will as practiced by Penn in the Quaker Commonwealth.

WHAT THE QUAKER EMBASSY IS DOING

This study group is an earnest of what is going on in Germany, particularly among its students. It is the product of the Quaker Embassy in Berlin, conducted by English Friends principally, but with which Carolena Wood and a few other American Friends have been engaged. "What is this embassy work?" some one is asking.

Politically, we used to hear much in the United States about the Constitution following the flag.

It is the work of our Quaker embassies to see that the message follows the food. In a real sense the food itself constitutes the message. But it arouses questions, creates an attitude, whereby there is an open sesame for new ideals of truth and righteousness. "Why are these people called Quakers doing all this for us? What is the philosophy of life which prompts them?" In response to such questions, universally asked, the Embassy has published in German some comprehensive statements of the principles of the Quaker faith, and has reprinted others. In response, also, to insistent calls from all over Germany our workers have addressed large audiences to which they have interpreted our message of good will and reconciliation—and with what eagerness have they been received! In this work Carolena Wood has been particularly effective. The Embassy gives its aid to those who are raising their voices against the old order, as when it furnished ammunition, Quaker ammunition, to a member of the German Reichstag for a speech against militarism.

The Embassy works very largely among the German students in the universities who will mould the thought of Germany tomorrow—are moulding it now, indeed. With the passion for education, thousands of young Germans are persevering in their courses of study and all but starving while doing it. To assist the neediest of these the Embassy is supplying several hundred hungry students one meal per day at a very nominal charge.

Having visited Great Britain, France, Belgium

and Germany, we are free to say that of these countries Germany suffered most during the war. This statement has been greeted with surprise by Friends who have replied, "How can that be? German territory was not invaded." Our first offhand reply made to such a query we believe to be sound and adequate. It was this: that the best test of what a nation has suffered, yes, the final acid test, is to be found in the condition of its children. Whatever else it may do or not do, a people will feed its little ones if it is humanly possible to do so.

By this test there is but one answer. Belgium was conquered and occupied but the Allied Relief Commission fed her children so well that at the end of the war their average condition was better than it was in pre-war days. So we heard Herbert Hoover declare the other day. France was invaded and her northern borders laid waste. The destruction and distress were great—we would not minimize them. But France as a nation did not starve. Her children today show that she did not. In the very desolateness of the demolished villages we found normal children bright eyed and happy, token of a quick rebirth for France. Germany? No, we found no devastated territory, no spectral cities, no "loveliest village of the plain" lying in ruins. We saw something worse—pallid faces, mirrors of sorrow in lusterless eyes, fleshless, gaunt little bodies, crooked legs—the ruins of little children.

From almost the very beginning of the war, Germany went hungry, sometimes less, oftentimes

more. The blockade, even after the Armistice, shut her off from food as by a Chinese wall. Hear the story as simply told by one of the children themselves: "When I was six years old the war started. We had bread which was damp and tasted like turnips; for dinner and again for supper we had nothing but turnips to eat. There was only marmalade instead of butter, and this, too, was made of turnips. When the war ended we thought things would improve but they became worse. But then you came to our help."

Now that we have seen for ourselves, no one can tell us on any authority whatsoever that the need in Germany is not as has been presented. It is perfectly true that, thoroughly equipped with good American money, one might ride through the country by train, staying at the best hotels in the cities, and say that he found no lack of food in Germany. And this is the principal source, apparently, of the contradictory stories. One could also put up at the Waldorf-Astoria in the dead of the coldest winter, and testify that there was plenty of warmth and food in Greater New York!

A BRIEF OBSERVATION TOUR

Yet, fully realizing what a short time we were in Germany, we appreciate how poorly prepared we are to generalize. As has been our purpose throughout our travel correspondence, we are attempting to report things which we ourselves saw and heard. If members of our party will please step lively therefore, keeping together within easy hearing, we will make a hurried round of the

child feeding centers to see things for ourselves.

Here we find ourselves at a typical station. Caroline Norment will lead us in and "spreck" our introduction. The children are seated at long tables and are eating chocolate soup out of basin-like bowls. At first glance they are hardly as distressed in appearance as you had anticipated perhaps. Not many of them are noticeably malformed. They are clean and white, oh so white, almost bleached, and thin. How old would you take this little girl to be? Six? She is eight. And that boy next to her? Seven? Oh, but he is ten. And so you will find it, sometimes worse, as you make the round.

Over there is a tall boy, perhaps fourteen years of age, tottering uncertainly on his poor, thin legs, supported with braces. Some little fellows, quick to see his distress, jump to give him a seat at the table. Poor chap, the chances are against him. The food was too long in coming and he seems a fair victim of the great white plague, of which all these undernourished little folks are in danger.

As we leave the building, we see some children hanging about wistfully, occasionally with a spoon in hand. They are hungry, practically all German children are hungry, but examination having shown that they are not on the immediate danger line, they do not get the Quaker food which is so rich and good. Their teachers have told them that they should be proud that they are strong! Yes, but that does not make the hunger less, so they wait at the door, having learned that once in a

while there is a little food left and that they may "scrape the bottom." Poor hungry little people! How many of us have ever scraped bottom in giving of our substance to feed them?

At the next station we see three forlorn little folks making their way to the food—one brother and two sisters, and not far from the same height. We find they are aged, six, four, and three. The latter is scarcely able to walk. Here are older, slightly older brothers or sisters, who bring the smaller ones and feed them the appetizing food whose aroma rises to them like incense—they themselves handle the food and smell it but get nothing. And we thought the story of Tantalus belonged to the age of mythology! The sight is enough to make strong men weep.

FOOD NOT ALL THAT IS NEEDED

We call at a school in the suburbs of Berlin. The Principal calls the children out by ages so we can judge of the extent of their undernourishment. There is a little chap fourteen years old—his weight is forty-eight pounds. I think instantly of the little daughter at home not half as old who weighs more. But we are made to realize here that food is not all that is needed. The day is rainy and cold yet these children are barefoot and very thinly clad. The month is August to be sure. None the less, warmly dressed as we are, we are grateful for a heavy winter overcoat. We are told that the workers who examined the school children last March found room after room where not one child had on a stitch of underclothing. Many

boys and girls were without shoes though there was snow on the ground—and there was practically no heat in the schoolrooms.

FOR MOTHERS ONLY

Let us visit one more station, where nursing and expectant mothers are fed. If it is true, as some close observers have maintained, that we should do better to let the present school generation go as hopeless and concentrate on the infants and expectant mothers, then this work here is indeed of prime importance. At once we find that the problem is not so simple as it seems. Feeding nursing mothers? Yes, but how about that hungry-eyed little tot standing at the mother's knee? It is more than the mother heart can bear, and she hands to the little one a piece of her roll of white bread. An attendant gently reminds her that the food is for her, for the nourishment of the baby, and the mother bursts into tears. It is enough. We depart softly and with aching hearts as from the valley of the shadow.

XII

FROM BERLIN TO BASEL

PITIFULLY inadequate for conversational purposes was the amount of German which the writer could bring to his aid from the past. Had he been alone he must therefore have given a graphic representation of the wicked seeking a sign. Happily my traveling companion, Preacher Pretlow, had in his younger days spoken German in a way that would almost have convicted him automatically of treason had the Espionage act been working as in the years of our Lord 1917-1918. True, it was years and years ago and his tongue had become a little stiff and was somewhat halting and uncertain at first. Like the proverbial old retired fire horse, however, that goes charging down the street as of yore at the clang of the fire alarm, did the said tongue soon unlimber and ere long was racing up and down those Deutsch gutturals and rounding the corners of indefinitely prolonged words and sentences in a way which commanded our respect and admiration. Under the circumstances, his words were as sweet music to our ears.

The situation which we found in Berlin was as far from suggesting revolutionary days as it could well have been. We had long heard of how thoroughly Germany, and Prussia particularly, was dominated by the military, in the presence of

which civilians had no rights worth respecting. But that was in the old regime. The utter contrast under the new was most impressive. From one extreme, the pendulum had swung to the other. As regards its armies, Germany, as we all know, had been practically disarmed. But of ordinary police officials in Berlin we hardly saw so much as a traffic cop. And in the general quiet and orderliness, few seemed necessary.

HOW THE EAGLES HAVE "TURKEYED"

Indeed as one walks about the Hohenzollern Berlin he feels that he is inspecting tombstones and reading epitaphs. Especially so when on the Siegesalle or victory avenue, lined with statues of the late ruling dynasty and its war lords. The effect on the visitor is far more striking than if, in the revolution, in the revulsion, these obtruding statues had been demolished after the manner of revolutions. The very fact that they stand intact is indicative of how thoroughly discredited and powerless is considered the old military autocracy for which they stand. The new regime does not even pay the old order the compliment of destroying its emblems. It is as though the fierce eagles had suddenly been found to be the most lowly and harmless of domesticated fowls.

This impression is again emphasized as the visitor makes his way along Unter den Linden, which in the Hohenzollern heyday was primarily an imperial private driveway. None but the Kaiser rode between the central pillars of the Brandenburger Thor or arched gate spanning the

royal avenue except the audacious American lad who rode through on his bicycle in defiance just to show that he could. But now the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker and the lowliest of delivery wagons go rattling through as a matter of course.

NEGOTIATIONS ABOARD A GERMAN "SLEEP WAGON"

The exigencies of our schedule made it necessary to take a night train from Berlin to Frankfort-on-the-Main, but no beds were to be had on the "sleep wagon" as the German "Pullmans" are called. Now to make our story end "happily ever after" we should be able to say that as soon as the Conductor saw our A. F. S. C. button, he embraced us effusively and after weeping on our two necks for a season, bustled about and secured for us a special compartment reserved for German notables, for which he refused in the name of the German Government, to take any compensation. Alas, not so. We got our beds but on the "American plan" that business is business. A fifty-mark note recalled to the mind of the Conductor that there was a section reserved for officers of the Allied Military Commission. If perchance they should not appear we could have it. They did not appear. And so the two Quakers, enroute from Berlin of the Hohenzollerns to Frankfort, the city in which the old Holy Roman Emperors were crowned, slept peacefully in the beds of the Allied Military Commission!

It is one thing to speed the parting guest—

it's quite another to get up about five hours after midnight to welcome the coming guest. To meet the latter at the train may not be necessary, but none the less to do so flavors richly the spirit of hospitality. You know how it is when you are the arriving guest. You say to yourself, "They'll not meet me—oh, no, of course not. They know that I can find my way—and then they weren't certain that I would be on this train," etc., etc. Thus you talk to yourself, but all the time you are glancing furtively through the iron grating toward the waiting platform, looking for familiar faces!

We found them, too, that early morning we arrived at Frankfort on the Main, or Frankfoort-ahm-Mine—the faces of William Fogg and Marian Price. These good friends took us at once to the hotel in which our workers live, where we, and two or three others, had breakfast together. One who joined us was a winsome English girl connected with our Quaker embassy work there. Rather pertly, we thought, she remarked to the two American wayfarers, "I suppose you are seeing Europe in a week, American tourist style!" Frankly, it was a pretty good shot. But quick as a flash came the retort courteous from our resourceful companion: "Yes, and in true English style when we get home we'll write an authoritative book on the basis of our extensive and thoroughgoing observations!"

AN ELOQUENT REPLY TO THE POET SCHAEFER

To the spirit of this noble young woman we soon did homage, however. We learned that dur-

ing the war, both her brother and her betrothed had fallen in battle. And here she was in Germany, serving and loving her "enemies," searching her heart thereby lest there be bitterness found therein. We recall that it was from Frankfort that the German poet, William Schæfer, addressed that remarkable letter to the Quakers, in which, among other searching questions, he asked, "Wherein lies your power? Do you take up your life as your cross, or are you joyful in the Lord? Are you fanatical moralists and proud in your good works, or are you full of the joy and strength which we long to see?" What better answer could be given him than this brave hearted, smiling girl who, in his own town, is hiding her cross in the joyful service of her Lord?

GOLDEN BULLS AND BROBDINGNAGIANS

Frankfort is joyfully appealing with its winding, narrow streets and high-gabled houses projecting out over the walks. Even so, its historic interest transcends the picturesque, if indeed the two can be separated in thought. As a token of its place, historically, there is to be found in the Municipal Historical Museum the famous Golden Bull, not another Golden Calf, as our University Professor used to assure his students, but a document with a golden seal embodying a fundamental law of the Holy Roman Empire, which did much toward fixing the course of modern German history from the middle of the fourteenth century onward.

It was in Frankfort that the old Emperors were

elected and crowned, although technically the title of Emperor awaited the crowning at Rome. Having enjoyed in my professorial days a more or less academic acquaintance with the old worthies, we were keen on stepping in the footprints which they had made on the sands of time, and meeting them face to face as it were. We headed therefore for the Romer, as the group of ancient buildings is called around which centered the imperial pomp and function. Central among these is the Kaisersaal or Imperial Hall, in which the Emperor-elect gave his inaugural banquet. It opens to a small balcony overlooking the Romerberg or marketplace, from which the Emperor appeared before the populace celebrating his election.

Did we speak of stepping in imperial footprints? If that is what we did the old dignitaries certainly had a better understanding than we have generally given them credit for. The floor of the Kaisersaal is of finest polished hardwood, and before one is allowed to enter he must step into some felt slippers so immense as to suggest that they were designed for a race of Brobdingnagians. The walls of the big room are embellished with great modern portraits of all the old German Emperors, and very loosely ensconced in our pedal habiliments, we skated around on a hurried review of Charlemagne and his more or less shadowy successors, who by the time of the abdication of the last of them in 1806, had rounded out a millenium of that great fiction of history, the Holy Roman Empire, which, proverbially, was not holy, nor Roman nor an empire.

We almost felt that we were visiting a shrine, or looking upon a memorial when we visited the church of St. Pauls. In it met the National Assembly in 1848, composed of six hundred representatives of the people called together to frame a liberal Constitution for a great German nation, whose government should be a democratic one. It was a noble conception, embodying the ardent aspirations of thousands upon thousands of patriotic hearts. But the task was too great for the time. The effort failed—reactionary influences triumphed. The German republicans were harried out of the land. They found a new home in America, and in the days of '61 to '65 helped save for us the cause of union and freedom which they had lost at home.

For Germany, the die was cast. The road was taken leading to that policy of "blood and iron," whose harvest the whole world is now reaping. One stands in St. Pauls in Frankfort as at the grave of a nation's hope, exclaiming in sorrow and regret, "It might have been!"

Notwithstanding the richness of all these historical associations which throng about one in Frankfort, when it comes to real shrines there is just one in this city on the Main, and that is not an historical but a literary shrine. It is the birthplace and sometime home of Goethe, the one man perhaps, who is entitled to, or at least receives honorable mention as a rival of the Bard of Avon for world's sweepstake literary honors. Perhaps more people visit the Goethe-haus than all other places of interest in Frankfort combined. We found a

steady stream of devotees crossing the threshold and paying tribute, in reverence presumably and in revenue certainly, to the creator of Faust.

A WAYFARING INCIDENT

On the way from Frankfort to Heidelberg, I got up to give a seat in our compartment to a fine looking elderly woman, accompanied by a charming little maiden, evidently her granddaughter. The latter was irresistible and joining her in the corridor I endeavored to engage her in simple conversation, very simple indeed. She seemed frightened—a haunting suspicion pointed to my poor German as the cause—and retreated to the compartment to the shielding auspices of grandmother, who explained to my traveling companion that the little one had been admonished to beware of strangers when traveling. Meantime he had told Frau Deutsche of our Friendly connections and as she explained to the little granddaughter that we were of those good people who were making little children happy with nourishing food, how quickly the point of view was changed! Robert Pretlow says he will never forget the change of expression which came over the face of the little lady who had been frightened at the advances of a stranger. Verily, perfect love casteth out fear—and a little child shall lead them.

Heidelberg! What romantic associations linger about that name! If we had been given our choice of visiting some one German university town we should certainly have named old Heidelberg. Hence, on finding that on our way south

to Switzerland we were within easy reach of it, we could not possibly think of passing by on the other side.

A BREATH OF GERMAN UNIVERSITY ATMOSPHERE

It was a dreamy, late summer afternoon that we spent there, in perfect keeping with the academic atmosphere of the old town so famed in song and story. We made arrangements with the driver of a drosky whereby we two were to be driven about in state at the rate of thirty cents apiece per hour—a welcome suggestion to us on the start that old Heidelberg had not yet become hopelessly modernized.

We first crossed over to the right bank of the river and by circuitous and spiral driveways, steadily ascended the heights overlooking Heidelberg, nestling on the south side of the beautiful, winding Neckar shortly before it joins the Rhine. The hillsides, steep as they are, almost a precipice at times, we found to be dotted with embowered and inviting homes and marvelously terraced with picturesque gardens and orchards. It was an entrancing view of the Neckar valley that was ours from the summit as we looked across to the stately ruins of the Castle. As we started down again we passed the famous duelling resort, where center the "outside activities" of the Heidelberg students, evidences of which are not wanting as found in scarred faces which are to be seen here and there; activities which appeal to us Americans as being as brutal and debasing as does American football seem to Germans!

As we re-crossed the river and entered the old part of the city, lying up the river from the new, we stopped to look in at an old cathedral, unique among all which we visited in Europe. When the "separation" took place in the sixteenth century, a thick partition was thrust through the center of the church, the Catholics taking one end of the building and the Protestants the other. It is so used even unto this day—the only instance of such joint occupation we know of, if we except certain "separation allowances" which are known to certain sad chapters in Quaker history.

HEIDELBERG—THE CASTLE OF CASTLES

Castles in Europe became as plentiful and common to us as the "oldest inhabitant" of a given American town; as "the first white child born" hither and yon; or as the pieces of furniture brought over in the Mayflower! We got so we could calmly pass a castle without a thrill and with hardly so much as the bat of an eyelid. All of which but makes the more eloquent our abiding enthusiasm for the Schloss of Heidelberg. Apart from all others it stands out before us in solitary grandeur. Its location on rocky promontories jutting high above river and city, is as compelling today in beauty as in the old feudal days it was doubtless compelling when it was chosen like Postum for a reason—and a reason other than the picturesque. Magnificent in its proportions, the Castle, a series of vast and impressive ruins, offers a seemingly never ending source of delight to him who has time to explore at leisure

its lordly halls, its great cellars, its mysterious dungeons, its commanding watchtower and the huge moats and alluring caverns which surround it. The encircling trees, the bold lookouts, the luxuriant foilage, the leafy pathways winding labyrinth-like about the Castle, make of the castle grounds a most entrancing park, except that "park" is too smug a name to apply to such an abandon of rustic beauty.

A BIBULOUS APOSTASY

We must mention one discovery made in the caverns of the Castle—the celebrated Heidelberg tun or wine cask, measuring twenty-four by thirty-six feet, and having a capacity of forty-nine thousand gallons. In the good old days it was kept filled to capacity with Rhenish wine. Think what an oasis that one cask would now make in the great American desert!

After skirting the duelling grounds, looking upon the wine vat and riding down through the University Place, humming to ourselves the while the lilting air of the Heidelberg Stein Song, we yielded sufficiently to the bibulous atmosphere of the place to indulge each in a mug of—soda pop, which was sufficiently vile to bring prompt compunctions for our departure from the way of temperance and sobriety.

XIII

IN PERILS OF VISAES

LEAVING Heidelberg on an evening train, it was midnight when we reached Basel, or rather when we reached the spacious international depot or bahnhof north of the city, said bahnhof being inhabited principally by a squadron of German officials on the one side and of Swiss officials on the other, whose prime function seems to be to impede the activities of the traveling public as much as possible. We were duly inspected as per our passports and visæs and our bags by the German division, whereupon we crossed into the arms of modern Swiss Horatios whose motto must be akin to "They shall not pass." But after being investigated, scrutinized, interrogated, classified and catalogued, we were liberated to breathe the free air of Switzerland, which, incidentally, was about all that we found in Switzerland that *was* free.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE MOTHER TONGUE

It was a glorious night, presided over by a high riding, full-orbed moon, under whose favorable auspices my eloquent traveling companion might well have been excused for pausing to utter an apostrophe to Swiss liberty or at least a paean of thanksgiving for our deliverance from the hands of the bahnhof Philistines. But there was one thing which he ever put above rhetoric and that

was a good bed. Knowing not whither to turn, we entered upon a quest of information among belated non-Englische sprecking citizens. Just when we were becoming hopelessly bewildered, up bobbed a young man speaking perfect English, giving us the desired information, and, since we had not yet been able to secure any of the coin of free Switzerland, wanted us to accept car tickets with his compliments! The fact that we did not embrace our benefactor on the spot was not due to the want of the impulse. We can now read without jocular innuendo the words, "And Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept!" Our English friend intimated that for him it was a real privilege to be of assistance to English speaking people for the sake of the association with his own thus afforded. Such is the fellowship of the mother tongue.

Arrived at our hotel we essayed in bad German and worse French to make our wants known to the proprietor, who, after observing our linguistic flounderings, addressed us in English that a Bostonian would have found to be above reproach. The next day at a restaurant, we were given glasses of water without asking for them which called forth from my opposite the ejaculation, "What *do* you know about *that!*" And our waitress smiled an understanding response.

A VIRGINIAN MISSES A HORSE SHOW

On going down to breakfast we found a gentleman and two ladies at a nearby table conversing in undisguised American. We hailed them joy-

fully as ships that pass in the night. It appeared that these fellow Americans had really attempted to pass in the night as it were but had been repulsed by the first line of defense at the aforementioned bahnhof. At least they had risen at five to catch a train that would take them to a horse show over in Germany, but had been turned back for the want of a missing visa. The gentleman was a Virginian to whom on the one hand it meant something to miss an exhibition of good horseflesh, and who, on the other, had, under pressure, an unusual command of language. And he admitted that he had rarely been so fighting mad in his life. But having vented his wrath, there was nothing for him to do, but meekly go on quest of another visa!

BY THEIR VISAES YE SHALL KNOW THEM

We have given a sketch of our activities in equipping ourselves with visaes before sailing from New York. At that time we felt that we had taken a pretty thorough course in visaology and were entitled to a diploma. How tender and unsophisticated we were! Having taken post-graduate work in Europe we feel that we could now write a regular doctor's thesis on the phenomena of the visa. To refresh the minds of innocent readers we repeat that a visa is the permit to enter the country into which one's own government has granted a passport. It is the stamp of approval on the blank sheets of one's passport, and which no one can read unless perchance the red tape artist who does the stamping and we have grave doubts as to him. In fact a broadside

of visaes could rather easily be mistaken at first glance for a facsimilie of the Rosetti Stone or some heiroglyphic suggestion of the long forgotten civilization of the Aztecs. Before the war, self-advertising globetrotters, both authentic and spurious, adorned their traveling bags with stickers emblazoning their peregrinations. That is "old stuff" these days. A traveler is now judged by his collection of visaes.

THE PHENOMENA OF THE VISA—A SUGGESTIVE DISSERTATION

But to return to the thesis idea, which hadn't occurred to us before and which we must confess to be not a little appealing. We could take up the visa from the biological standpoint, treating of its origin and differentiating it by species; or from the economic, in an endeavor, although a vain one we fear, to establish some financial laws governing the production of visæs; also an investigation of the economic waste in the aeons of time consumed by standing in line awaiting the pleasure of the lords of the visa; or from the social, pointing out the kinship of human suffering as endured by fellow-seekers; or from the international, showing conclusively that as the visa is a manifestation of the war mind, it contains the seeds of world war in the future; or even from the religious, demonstrating the subversive influence wrought upon Christian experience by the harrowing recreation of visa hunting.

Since space and time are inadequate for such a dissertation, perhaps it will suffice for readers

to follow us about Basel on the day following our arrival in Switzerland, as we devoted many good and precious hours in arranging, first, for our brief sojourn in the country and second, for a sure exit at the proper time without unnecessary and vexatious delay as experienced by our friend, the Virginian.

First, a brief inventory of our stock of visaes: Before leaving New York we had secured visaes for entering England, France and Switzerland. In London we secured them for Germany for which the officials charged us nothing since we were Friends going to inspect child feeding; for France (we had used our French visaes before the London Conference) which, incidentally, involved contributing another passport photo to the French archives; and for Belgium. While at Berlin we decided to make the trip down the Rhine on the way back from Switzerland which meant a return to England through Belgium rather than through France. Hence we secured while there a second visa for Belgium. The first one had cost us in London about two dollars. For the privilege of traversing the soil of Belgium a second time, secured hardly a week later, the Belgian officials in Berlin held us up for ten dollars, and were grouchy enough about it at that. If, in the words of the old nursery rhyme, "third's the worst of all the game," we're duly thankful there wasn't any third time. "I pass this way but once," we decided to be a good resolution as applied to Belgium.

One of the first things to do on the morning after our arrival in Switzerland was to make an

official call at the Prefecture of Police to announce our presence. Had we been a little stronger on the dramatic we might have paraphrased the laconic address of General Pershing at the tomb of Lafayette in some such stirring words as, "Arnold von Winkelried, we are here!" In which case we should have added, "We also wish to arrange for our get-away." For not only does one have to register with the police, after having already secured permission to enter the country—he must get the consent of the police before he may depart therefrom. Up until about the time of our visit, one had to go through all this procedure at every Swiss city in which he stopped, whereby he spent a good share of his time in association with the police. No wonder the Swiss hotel keepers looked in vain for an avalanche of American tourists whose long suit could hardly be said to be a stock of patience in untangling and unwinding bolts of red tape.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE VISA IN BASEL

We made our way on one side of the city to the German Consulate where, after waiting for an hour or so, we were provided gratis the necessary permits for re-entering the Fatherland. Here we found our high-spirited Virginian, now very much subdued, negotiating for exit privileges. We hurried thence to another part of Basel on the eternal quest for more visaes. First, to the British Consulate for a renewal of the freedom of Merry England. Then to make sure of getting through the occupied territory without challenge, to the

French Consulate, for the privilege of crossing the Rhine from Mainz-Castel to Mainz to take the boat, Mainz being held by the French. We were forthwith referred back to the British Consulate for a prior permission to enter John Bull's preserves, having received which, back we went to the sign of the tricolor.

It requires little space in which to recount these experiences, but oh, the precious time consumed in complying with all these travel regulations! It took us so much of the day to put through the foregoing program that there was little left for sightseeing. And we were fortunate at that for one is often told at a consulate to leave his passport and call again next day. Obviously one cannot conform to such a requirement very often in the same city and make the most rapid headway.

This deplorable situation is an indication of the brain storm of sinister suspicion from which the mind of Europe is suffering as a result of the war. Nobody seems to trust anybody. Even among allies, the tendency seems to be to consider every alien citizen a spy or an undesirable generally until proven otherwise. However innocent of wrong intent the visitor may be, such an attitude of suspicion, demanding continual declarations as to his intentions, becomes embarrassing and vexatious. It is too much like persistently asking a good man, yes or no, if he has stopped beating his wife.

XIV

"WHERE ALPINE SOLITUDES ASCEND"

AT LAST we were in the land of the yodel and the alpine stock. The playground of Europe was before us and three or four days in which to romp about therein. It is a commodious playground too, although it doesn't make much of a showing on the map of Europe. In the brief time at our disposal we made what might be termed an inside or short circuit of Switzerland in which we traveled some four hundred fifty miles.

We had no set program or itinerary which may explain in part the royal good time we had. Something of the joy of adventure was ours, especially as compared with the American who, touring Europe by auto, had his entire schedule planned to the day and hour, and every hotel reservation made. How much he missed of the zest of discovery! The very climax of delight in our Swiss excursion came from an impulsive change of schedule made on a few moments' notice! But we are about to get ahead of our story.

Whatever else we might see or not see, of course we must go to Lucerne, which was our first objective from Basel. We had equipped ourselves with a Baedeker but long dependence upon the Professor, whom we had left behind flitting from castle to cathedral in England, had spoiled us. We lost the book the first day, which was almost

a relief. Henceforth, like true birds of passage, we traveled by instinct.

The two or three hour ride from Basel to Lucerne was through a very pretty country—all Switzerland is that—but offering no scenery distinctively Swiss. The first thrill was historic rather than scenic. It came when we looked off across the little lake of Sempach, near which the notable battle for Swiss freedom was fought against the Austrians in 1386, when Arnold von Winkelried, gathering a fine collection of spears into his breast, broke the enemy phalanx, shouting to those behind him, "I will make a way for you."

Lucerne, capital of the canton of the same name, is situated on the Reuss river where it issues from Lake Lucerne. With this entrancing lake as a foreground and surrounded by such commanding mountain citadels as Rigi and Pilatus, it is one of the most beautifully situated of cities and deservedly popular with tourists. Tourists are no less popular with the thrifty Swiss of Lucerne who have hospitably provided about one hundred hotels for their entertainment.

The city, located on both sides of the Reuss, is connected by several bridges, one of which, a quaint, covered structure, is strikingly unique. It is embellished with scores of medieval paintings, descriptive of the heroic history of Lucerne and honoring its patron saints. This quaint old bridge is not more interesting than is the older section of the city whose crooked and narrow streets bespeak its medieval origin.

We found Lucerne to have three staple crops—

tourists, wood carving and lions. The tourist crop was light this year—so light that from this standpoint Switzerland generally may be said to have been summer fallowed. The other two crops appeared unusually good. Never in all our natural lives had we seen so much wood carving as we did within a few brief hours in Lucerne. The Swiss evidently spend the winter months at this industrial art, and the summer months in unloading their artistic handicraft on tourists.

As to the lions, everybody makes first for the "Lion of Lucerne," carved out of a wall of rock from a model by Thorwaldsen, commemorating the death of the Swiss Guards who fell defending the Palace of the Tuileries during the French Revolution. If Thorwaldsen could have foreseen the vast number of compositions for which his noble king of beasts was to furnish the subject he would perhaps have hesitated long before putting his hand to the chisel. This is the *dying* lion of Lucerne. When we were in the city it was granting retreat to a lion that was far from dead—the British Lion as represented by the shaggy-maned Lloyd George, whom some would not hesitate to characterize as "the king of beasts."

After Lucerne, what? That was the question. One could follow the well-beaten, obvious tourist path, but one tires of doing the obvious thing, even when taking his first runabout abroad. We wanted to get off the tourist highway for once. The way off had been pointed out to us by the Virginian at Basel who told us of a most entrancing experience he and his friends had had by virtue

of forsaking railroads and tourist hotels for the more secluded and silent places of Alpine grandeur. But we were up against one serious limitation—that of time.

A GOOD TRAVELING COMPANION—WITH ONE RESERVATION

Right here I must pause to pay tribute to Robert Pretlow who as a traveling companion proved a "regular fellow." A good traveling companion is one who is ready to do anything you suggest! R. E. P. was "game" on every spontaneous proposition the writer offered—with one unalterable reservation: he *must* get back to London by September 3 to attend the Meeting for Sufferings for London Yearly Meeting. In this we had a fellow concern, but with me it was not unalterable. This historic Meeting had been suffering along without us for two hundred fifty years and more—why not a little longer? It would doubtless be a long time before we should see Europe again and why not make the most of the opportunity at hand? Gently and cautiously at first we broached these considerations, but at every such suggestion our companion "tightened up" and answered with a far-away look that said, "Woe is me if I get me not back to that Meeting for Sufferings."

So it seemed to be the beaten path for us after all, over which schedules could be kept. For the day of our departure from Lucerne, therefore, we planned a very conventional trip up Pilatus, along with nine hundred ninety-seven others of every one thousand tourists, more or less. But we did

it without conviction or enthusiasm. We did not feel clear in the matter. Neither did the weather-man, for, next morning, the clouds hung over Pilatus in a way to discourage the hope of the coveted view of the distant scene. Suddenly, the spirit of adventure re-surged within us. A hurried thumbing of time tables and rapid-fire figuring—and we decided to take a chance. We would follow in the footsteps of the Virginian!

ON THE "LAKE OF THE FOUR FOREST CANTONS"

The first part of our journey, happily, was a ride on Lake Lucerne, from where the Reuss empties therefrom at Lucerne to where it enters at Flüelen, a distance of twenty-three miles. The German name for this beautiful body of water is "Vierwaldstatter See" or "Lake of Four Forest Cantons," referring to those of Schwyz, (Switzerland) Uri, Unterwalden and Lucerne, which surround it. While on an average the width of the lake is about two miles, it is narrowed at places to a half mile by high towering cliffs which thrust themselves forward, thus dividing it into distinct basins. Alluring views of distant glaciers glistening in the sun give one a suggestion of the wondrous beauty as yet half hidden by the immediately overhanging mountain peaks.

Our boat stops at several pretty lake resorts. But the first stop of thrilling interest is at Tell's Chapel, where many of our passengers disembark. For here we are in the William Tell country. We pass, too, the place where six hundred years ago, the patriots of the three forest cantons, Uri,

Schwyz, and Unterwalden, bound themselves together to drive out the tyrant, thus starting the movement for Swiss liberty and federation.

AXENSTRASSE AND THE COLUMBIA HIGHWAY

Almost exactly one year before, we had ridden up and down the Columbia River Highway in Oregon, in writing of which for *The American Friend* we had said, "Globe conquerors declare this to be the greatest scenic highway in the world. At Mitchell's Point the Highway pierces a lofty promontory surmounting the river, with a five windowed rock tunnel, which in design and engineering skill is said to surpass the famous Axenstrasse of Switzerland." How little did we dream then of making so soon the comparison for ourselves! But here we were, riding along in good view of the Axenstrasse as it skirted the eastern shore of the lake, and a little later by train, crossing and recrossing it as it wound its way through the mountains. It is a wonderful highway, very similar in many respects to that of the Columbia. We hold however that, beautiful and inviting as is this far-famed Swiss highway it must yield to that "where rolls the Oregon" in the scenic grandeur of extended vistas and sweeping panoramas. There was one contrast most striking. On such a day as this—the clouds had cleared away—whereas one could have counted hundreds of autos on the Columbia boulevard, we saw but one or two on the Axenstrasse and a few bicycles.

Meanwhile we found American fellow travelers aboard, as usual, including this time a North

Carolinian who deeply deplored the fanatical tyranny of prohibition as provided in the good old United States. One dislikes to ruffle the feelings of a fellow-countryman so far from home so we deftly turned the conversation into channels geographical. He informed us that he came every year to Switzerland. Reference to the Axenstrasse brought an allusion on our part to the Columbia river, "which empties at Seattle I believe," observed the gentleman from North Carolina! And he is doubtless oblivious to this day of how near he came to disturbing the "entente cordiale" between my traveling companion and me, he of Seattle and I sometime from Portland. The Columbia river tributary to Seattle, indeed!

UP INTO THE ALPS

Our ride on Lake Lucerne ended at its southeast extremity at Flüelen where the Reuss river enters it. Here we caught a southbound train from Lucerne, on which we at once began a steady, winding climb into the Alps over and alongside the plunging mountain waters of the Reuss and in close companionship with the ever curving Axenstrasse. At Goschenen we changed to a little cogwheel train after which the ascent was more marked than ever.

Near Goschenen we passed the northern entrance to the St. Gothard tunnel, completed in 1881 after nine years' work on it at a cost of thirteen million dollars. The tunnel is over nine miles long. The St. Gothard pass, one of the most famed of Alpine passes, provides a scenic

gateway through the Alps between the Lucerne region of Switzerland and the Lake Maggiore area of northern Italy.

WE ENTER THE HORSE MARKET

It was nearly three in the afternoon when we reached the little town of Andermatt, the terminus of the cog-wheel spur, delightfully situated in a high Alpine valley. But we could not tarry here, oh no. For purposes of that Meeting for Sufferings in London on the following Friday, we must ever on and upward. Between us and Gletsch, where we must take an early morning train to make schedule connections, were some twenty miles of mountain road leading over the Furka pass, the highest roadway in Switzerland if not in Europe. We entered into parleyings with the keeper of the inn at Andermatt and soon arranged for a team and carriage to take us on our way, the consideration being one hundred francs! Having no further use for our outfit at the end of our ride, we generously turned it over to the driver to take back to our thrifty host at Andermatt to sell to some other time-pressed pilgrims. However, this was one of the best investments of our entire European trip. Among all our pleasant summer experiences, that afternoon's ride stands out, even as do the lofty Alpine peaks above the high ranges over which we rode. The sun was bright, the air clear and bracing, and the joy of the open places was upon us.

By no means insignificant among the afternoon's pleasures was the dinner at the Andermatt

inn, prepared while our equipage was making ready. It was supplied by a super-blond lady in waiting who confided to us that she intended to go to London to master English. Just why anyone who could get up on short order such satisfying food as she set before us should want to go to London to master English or anything else we could not see. But being in an exceptionably amiable frame of mind as a result of her nourishing offerings we let the point go and asked for another glass of that good rich milk, please.

It was about three-thirty when we entered our drosky and drove off in state through the town and out onto the valley road, to the festive jingling of the tinkling bells attached to the harness. The bed of the valley was very narrow, perhaps one hundred yards or so generally, so that the little hamlets through which we passed now and then were strung along on either side the road which formed the one, narrow street. How interesting and attractive they were! Even so, we were attracted most to the sloping hillside meadows, dotted with quaint little cottages all the way from the trough of the valley clear up to the very brow of the encircling mountains. And everybody was out mowing hay, or, to speak more accurately, cutting grass. Beginning with the lowland grass-girt homes, we would allow our eyes to travel upward gradatim, from one cottage to the one next higher until finally, high up on the far distant heights they would faintly descry a patch of green

and the activity of the scythe swingers. Endless questions came to us in our amazement: How do these Swiss cliff dwellers reach their high-hung hearths? How do they subsist? How do they keep the children from falling out of their meadows?

As we rode along we were privileged to see nearby cottagers stowing away the grass in the loft of their little stables, or, sometimes, in the upstairs of the house, joined on to the cow or goat shed. Pitchforks were not in evidence. The grass was raked up and tied into great loads which the men would swing onto their backs and go marching up the hillsides to the "barn," and then perhaps up an outside ladder. Of course if he were coming down, a hole in the roof would suffice!

LOOPING THE FURKA PASS

After riding a couple of hours or more we reached the head of the valley and began the ascent of the Furka Pass. We had ridden over various railroad loops in our wanderings back home, but had never looped the loop so thoroughly as we now proceeded to do. Long spirals would be made to gain but a few scant yards in height. From here on we walked a good part of the way, and often, instead of following the road, we would go "straight up," crossing each successive spiral. At times one could almost reach down and fleck the ear of a horse as the team passed by on the next lower loop. At one time eight successive spirals could be counted below us. It was a delight to clamber up the mountain side, to revel in the view and to pick the dainty little mountain flow-

ers. As we stood looking back, we faced a wonderful vista of the valley through which we had come, leading clear back to Andermatt, "loveliest village of the plain." The evening glow of the setting sun lingered longingly over the valley but not more so than did we as we gazed enraptured upon the scene. Turning our eyes to the right we looked over upon a glistening glacier, holding the white silence of the centuries.

A PRIMA DONNA OF THE ALPS

Our awesome reveries are interrupted. Just below us are three or four peasants returning homeward from an afternoon stroll. Laughing gaily are they as they climb the mountain pathway. One, an inveterate tease apparently, reaches upward with his crook and deftly hooks a foot of the companion ahead. But one, ah one, breaks forth in song. It was a song without words. We never heard the like of it before and we fear we never shall again. Utterly unconscious of her surroundings was the singer—the music fairly welled up within her and she gave it out in very joy of it. We have heard the liquid bird notes of Galli-Curci but we were not so moved as by the carols of this peasant prima donna of the Alps. My traveling companion was addicted to one habit—he kept a diary. Knowing that this must have impressed him deeply, as it did me, I took a peep into it and this is what I found: "I must not fail to mention a group of peasants out for an afternoon walk. There was one woman among them dressed all in black. As they were climbing the steepest paths

she would begin to yodel, and I never heard purer liquid musical notes come from a human throat. There were no words and no effort at fancy singing, but it sounded as if the very joy of life, of a pure and chastened spirit, were overflowing in irrepressible music. Sorrow she must have known, and loss, and certainly poverty and heavy toil, but only hope and life and love breathed out on that high mountain air."

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA

After climbing steadily for perhaps two hours, our driver halted at a way house to feed the team. Meanwhile, within the homelike mountainside inn we regaled ourselves with more good Swiss dairy products. Soon after starting onward, as the twilight hour approached, we entered a fog which became heavier as we ascended. The writer had pushed on again ahead of the carriage, and will not soon forget the sensation of utter solitude as he found himself walled in by a fog so impenetrable that he could see but a few feet of the road before him. It was a spectral silence almost oppressive, broken by the occasional tinkle of a cow bell in the valley below, and by the crack of the whip as, far to the rear, the driver encouraged onward the faithful horses.

Despite the pleasures of the afternoon we were not a little disappointed. We had been told that the latter part of our day's journey was the most beautiful. and here we were, Sinais climbing no doubt and knowing it not. Driven in upon our thoughts and imaginings we mused on the possi-

bility of some miracle of intervention which might roll back and dispel the darkening fog that again we might rejoice in the beauty about us. But though we mused we kept on climbing. And suddenly to our great joy, we came out above the clouds, whose mists "rolled in splendor from the beauty of the hills." Is it not the way of life as we press resolutely onward and upward?

THE RHONE GLACIER BY MOONLIGHT

It was evening now and we soon reached the summit of the Furka Pass, after which we proceeded rapidly. All at once as we swung around a bend in the road, there flashed before us in the Alpine night a fairly dazzling array of brilliant lights, set high upon a rocky promontory. And before we quite understood it all our driver had reined up at the well named Belleview hotel whose beacon lights gleamed as from a lighthouse upon the sea. In wonder we looked about us. As if to enhance the scene the moon now contributed its silvery radiance as we turned our view to the right and found ourselves gazing upon the Rhone glacier. We sat rapt in silent wonder and admiration. Here, if ever, the traveler must tarry a while. Away to the south ahead of us the morning light would reveal an unsurpassed view of southern Alpine peaks. What delights would just one day afford in exploring the wonders of the glacier spread before us! I saw that my traveling companion was touched. Gently again and cautiously I suggested a brief sojourn here on the mountain top. Briefly only did he hesitate. It

could not be. And then—and then, I gave it up. I knew at last that the Meeting for Sufferings was inevitable.

"THE WITCHING HOUR"

From here we descended rapidly into the head of the valley of the Rhone, passing round the foot of the glacier from which the river takes its rise, upon which we now look upward as we had looked downward from the Belleview vantage point a little while before. It was about nine o'clock when we pulled up at the hotel which practically constitutes Gletsch. The soft splendor of the moon lent enchantment to the close of a wonderful day's journey. It was the witching hour—truly the end of a perfect day.

XV

INCLUDING A SOCIAL VENTURE

CRYSTAL clear dawned the morning, sparkling with the breath of Jack Frost. We got an early train and were soon reveling in the delights of the Rhone valley through which noisily coursed the headwaters of the river, leaping and plunging as if impatient of its narrow, rocky confines. The valley fairly teemed with busy peasant folk. Where we had seen scores at work in the grass fields on the preceding afternoon we now saw hundreds. Everybody had apparently risen at daybreak, men, women and children, and how the scythes did flash in the morning sun as far as eye could see! We would pass a sloping mountain-side area, containing perhaps one hundred acres or more. It would be dotted with cottages but so far as we could see was free of boundary marks. Line fence difficulties were apparently obviated. Yet within this area one might see fifty scythes swinging over what must have been recognized as individual grass plots. Here and there we saw a family taking picnic breakfast in the mountain meadow, accompanied perhaps by the family goats.

THE SPELL OF THE ALPS—AN INTERPRETATION

Long ago we had been told that away from their native heath, the Swiss are the most home-sick people in the world. We now began to under-

stand why, for frankly, the spell of the Alps was upon us. We hardly understood this spell at first. The grandeur of the mountains was not more sublime than that of the Canadian Rockies, nor did we see an Alpine sentinel that could surpass in beauty the snow-capped peaks of the Cascades of the Pacific. Here was the difference: the scenery in the Canadian Rockies is grand and impressive in its very austerity; but there is an aloofness, a lonesomeness in the solitary grandeur of the American mountains that almost hurts, if it does not repel. On the other hand, the Swiss Alps are so thoroughly domesticated as to make you feel at home among them. They are "socialized," softened and humanized by people, of whose life they form so important a part. They are the very real background of sturdy, heroic Swiss life and history.

CROSSING THE BERNESE ALPS

We reached our southernmost point at Brig, across the river from which we saw the entrance to the Simplon tunnel, the longest in the world, providing another notable gateway into Italy. From Brig we went northward by train to Spiez on Lake Thun, thereby crossing the Bernese Overlands, and thence along the shore of Thun to Interlaken. In the course of this, about a two hours ride, we passed through some thirty tunnels. It was not in one of these tunnels however that we made up to one of the most beautiful and famous of Switzerland's daughters.

Four days in Switzerland did not allow my

traveling companion and me very much time for social activities. Nevertheless we decided to go calling one day and upon a young lady whose name is a household word among the Swiss for her grace and beauty. She holds herself rather aloof from the many, who worship from afar, but we understood her to be quite approachable if one only knew the ropes. True, we had no letters of introduction, but Friends from the time of George Fox on have had access to all kinds of people of high estate without the aid of such conventional formalities, so why not we? We would try it at all events.

BREAKING INTO HIGH SOCIETY

The young lady resides on the heights back of Interlaken along with the other so-called higher ups in a very exclusive residential district. Without even the informality of calling up from Interlaken and announcing our intentions we boarded the suburban train one sunny afternoon and set bravely forth on our social venture. It was up, up, up, always up, almost from the very start and through scenic grandeur (wanted—a few good relief words for grandeur, beautiful, picturesque, etc., which are showing the strain of overwork) characterized by hurtling mountain streams, deep gorges, graceful waterfalls, towering cliffs and snow-girt panoramas. Back home it would have been the "garden of the gods," with the devil's something or other included. Just why the devil should receive such frequent honorable mention in connection with nature's wonders we have never quite understood.

Up the deep-cleft river valley we went as far as the town of Lauterbrunnen, which has as its background a sheer mountain wall over which drop the feathery falls of Lauterbrunnen. Here we turned and ascended the curving road which led us up on the high plateau of Wengenalp, which might be termed the threshold of the home of the young lady whom we sought. At Scheidegg we were at her feet as she stood to welcome us in all her regal grace which a shade of reserve but emphasized. Friendly readers we present our lady friend, the Jungfrau!

Somewhat shyly she greeted us, a filmy veil of fleecy cloud covering her eyes from the garish sun and from us. These could by no means conceal her attractiveness, however, as her mantle of pure white draped her graceful form. We craved a closer acquaintance. Ruthless of any barriers to that privacy to which the Jungfrau may well have thought herself entitled, years ago promoters undertook the difficult engineering project of constructing an electric railway to the very crown of this Alpine "maiden." Years of work followed which resulted in completing the road some eleven thousand feet up the mountain to Jungfraujoch, which is within about two thousand feet of the summit. Conveyance thereby comes high, in tariff as well as in elevation, but intent upon the quest we cast financial discretion to the winds and on upward pressed our froward suit.

Starting from Scheidegg, near the foot of the Jungfrau, the electric road leads off in plain sight but in rather another direction as if to deceive the

young lady as to its intentions and throw her off her guard. Once around the corner, however, it turns sharply and tunnels straight through the Monch, next door neighbor to the Jungfrau and almost as high. Shamelessly therefore, it seeks admittance to the Jungfrau not only by the side door but through the cellar. There are three underground stations on this tunnel railway where stops are made and through great windows cut out of the mountain of stone, travelers gaze out on the wintry scene. At Jungfraujoch one looks down on the great Aletsch glacier with the Eggishorn in the background.

LIKE THE FABLED KING OF FRANCE

But the Jungfrau proved thoroughly capable of taking care of herself. As we approached the summit and were in speaking distance as it were, what did she do but silently envelop herself in the seclusion of a thick fog which told us as clearly as in words that she was not in to callers that day—beyond the front gate! So, foiled and crestfallen, having marched up the hill, like the fabled king of France, we then marched down again.

We spent the night, none the less, in the front yard of the Jungfrau at the Scheidegg tavern, where all the high mountain air that we could use was ours. On awaking in the early morning we stepped to our front window facing the snow-capped peaks of the Finisteraahorn range and looming proudly before us in the crystalline brilliance of the early dawn was the Jungfrau, her face suffused in the morning glow of the radiant

sun. Ere long we emerged from the tavern and headed for a new point of vantage from which to enjoy anew the view entrancing. As though suspicious of our intentions, and as if to give us a hint too plain to be mistaken, again she enveloped herself in a dense screen of fog, this time hiding herself completely from view. We understood and departed on the first train. We descended to Interlaken by way of Grindelwald, located in the lee of the Wetterhorn in a mountain valley of surpassing loveliness. Again we looked upon the green hillsides, the humble cottage homes, the attractive chalets, the busy, contented people and our hearts cleaved unto Switzerland.

WAYSIDE SHRINES

One significant thing we noted as we passed through the Swiss towns and villages of the mountain valleys. On the highest point in the town, sometimes a high-hung mound of rock, fortress-like, would be found the village church. If one may judge from this and the numerous wayside shrines and images to be found as one threads the valleys, the mountain folk are deeply religious. Occasionally we would descry a little shrine erected on a rock far out in the heart of some Alpine meadow.

Eye strain may be accepted as a possibility by visitors to Switzerland, but tongue strain is almost inevitable. Swiss unity has been developed, maintained and strengthened without the binding force of a common language, of a common religion or of a common race. And the Swiss people don't seem

to be throwing spasms about a melting pot that doesn't melt either.

STANDING AT THE GREAT DIVIDE

After writing the story of our long to be remembered ride over the Furka Pass we took from a library shelf President Lowell's "Governments and Parties in Europe," and turning to Switzerland read the following opening paragraph:

"There is a spot in Switzerland, famous as one of the most ancient passes over the Alps, where the great mountain chains from the west, southwest, east and northeast, are gathered into a knot. It is the St. Gothard: and not far from the summit of the pass lies the Furka, where the traveler can stand and look down, on one side, on the little torrent of the Reuss, whose waters, pouring into the Rhine, find their way to the North Sea; and, on the other side, on the great glacier of the Rhone, from which springs the river of the same name that flows through southern France, and empties itself into the Mediterranean, near Marseilles. On the south of the Alps, the St. Gothard road winds along a stream that, falling into the Po, runs through the plains of Lombardy to the Adriatic, not far from Venice; and a few score miles to the east rises the Inn, a tributary of the Danube, which has its outlet in the Black Sea. Now the races of men in their migrations are prone to follow the courses of the streams they meet. Hence the valley of the Rhone is inhabited chiefly by Frenchmen, while the Germans and the Italians occupy the headwaters of the Rhine and the Po; and it is a curious fact, although an accidental one, that along the upper Inn a language is still spoken which has its nearest counterpart among the Roumanians at the mouth of the Danube. Switzerland may, therefore, be considered the ethnological as well as the geographical center of Europe, the place where the rivers take their rise and the races meet together."

On that afternoon, then, we had stood at "the ethnological as well as the geographical center of Europe." By the same token we stood at its linguistic center, of which fact we were perhaps even more confusedly aware. For Switzerland has no national language which may be vigorously invoked by frantic one hundred percent patriots for the purpose of "Swissilizing" the people. Three languages are common to the country, yea four on occasion. It is not uncommon therefore to find official notices on trains posted in German, French and Italian. In addition to these, we read one notice which it had been found necessary to put into English as well. It read, "Do not spit on the floor!"

It is difficult enough to feel one's way in the commonplaces of one strange language, without having to do it in two or three simultaneously. The waitress seemed to take it as a matter of course therefore when we asked her "s'il vous plait fur ein glass milch" and thanked her with an "Ich danke."

XVI

BERNESE BEARS—AND OTHERS

FROM Interlaken we traveled northwest through the agricultural canton of Berne to the splendid city of the same name, the federal capital of Switzerland, around which we wandered during the few hours at our disposal. The business streets of Berne are distinctive for their shop-lined arcades whereby one may tour the city in shelter. The buildings are massive and attractive. To obtain a birds-eye view of Berne and surrounding country we climbed the three hundred foot tower of the Cathedral and were amply rewarded for the effort. The winding river Aar stops to wrap itself round the city on three sides, on its way northward to join the Rhine.

"The Animals of Berne" is the name of a nursery rhyme which reads—

"I have a set of animals
From Berne across the sea.
You'd never think that cows and pigs
So beautiful could be.

"For all the pigs are pale light blue
And all the cows are green;
Their coats are speckled o'er with flowers
Of every kind that's seen.

"The horses are a fine light pink
With daisies mottled over—
The cats are white and violet
With leaves of meadow clover.

"And sometimes when I think of them
You don't know how I yearn
To see these lovely animals
A-walking round in Berne."

If all these animals mentioned were so wonderful what *must* be the famous bears of Berne from which the city takes its name! So of course our first call was upon the internationally known bear pit, without seeing which one could not be said to have seen Berne. And a tamer exhibition of bear flesh we never beheld—three or four ragged, frazzled, down-at-the-heel bruins, that gave one a contempt for the whole bear family. But our respect for bears in general was soon to be renewed in a way we little dreamed of.

Late in the afternoon we left the Swiss capital and the frazzled bears of Berne. But the direction we took was not southwest to Geneva, the new world capital, as the writer had fondly hoped and dreamed it might be. No, we must begin to retrace our wandering steps. That Meeting for Sufferings was calling us with the insistence and authority which age commands and it suffered us not to go to Geneva. So we went due north instead. A three or four hour ride to Basel completed our inside circuit of Switzerland. Among traveling companions in our compartment we had an elderly Swiss-American of San Francisco, who, accompanied by two daughters, had returned for a summer's visit to the land of his birth. We could hardly think of a greater contrast than suggested by the names Switzerland and San Francisco. None the less the old gentleman was evidently

looking forward eagerly to walking again the wind-swept streets of the Golden Gate city.

MY TRAVELING COMPANION ASSUMES THE HORIZONTAL

It was night again when we entered the north bahnhof of Basel from which we had first issued into the stilly night—and Switzerland. We had entered at midnight, we were departing at midnight. There were no beds available in the sleep wagon—there rarely are—but who would stop to think of flowery beds of ease when on pilgrimage to the Meeting for Sufferings? Surely not my traveling companion! Moreover he had found that unmolested possession of a compartment did very well anyway, since it allowed him to stretch his ponderous form out full length on the upholstered seat—another strong point in favor of European as compared to American trains. So, having again run the gauntlet of the passport and visa vultures, we boarded our train in time to get sole possession of a compartment. True to form my companion at once assumed the horizontal, voicing the earnest hope that passengers would be few and far between that night. Vain hope, Preacher Pretlow!

THE THREE BEARS STAGE AN APPEARANCE, MAMA BEAR STARRING

Hardly had he composed himself to slumber, when down the station platform came three bears, the three bears we have all known from nursery days. Mama Bear, who was clearly head of the

house, led the little family, which was little in number only since Little Bear had grown up to be an old maid bear and was as big as Papa Bear and Mama Bear, which was very big I assure you. And they looked big, too, did these three German bears, as they came alongside the car, peering in through the windows and talking bear talk rather excitedly. For the three bears were taking a journey and like us, were apparently looking for a compartment to themselves. Mama Bear had evidently been used to getting what she wanted and was fairly spluttering around outside at the poor prospect.

INTRODUCING GOLDILOCKS

Pretty soon the three bears boarded our car, and coming along the corridor, opened our compartment door and crowded in. Growling and gesticulating in ugly bear tones they were, as much as to say, "Somebody's been sleeping in our compartment—and there he is." And sure enough, right there before them lay our Goldilocks! And the fact that he was a foreign Goldilocks didn't make the matter any better, especially with Mama Bear and that was what counted for it was a case in which the female of the species was more deadly than the male. Father Bear *sounded* worse; we never in all our life heard such deep guttural bear talk. It was as though he had gutturals on the lungs and was ever and anon clearing his throat in an attempt to get rid of them. But it was Mama Bear's talk that made us take notice and sit up—including Goldilocks.

Yes, our Goldilocks roused up just as in the

story, but from here on the edition is necessarily revised. For Goldilocks declined to leap through the window. The window hadn't been made with our Goldilocks in mind, and even if he could have made it through, it was a long way home for a Goldilocks who carried a cane; and then he wasn't ready to go home yet anyway—he had to attend a meeting for sufferings first, in London town. Moreover, this Goldilocks had never been in the habit of running when bears got after him and he just naturally couldn't begin running now. So he sat up and looked at the three bears and the three bears sat down and looked at him. The bears were loud and voluble in one language—Goldilocks was silent in two or three languages.

LITTLE BEAR MAKES A DISCOVERY

After a while the writer, who had drawn himself up rather inconspicuously in one corner to make room for Little (sic) Bear, dozed off. Goldilocks dozed too, but with his near ear open, for he could at least catch the drift of bear talk. Little Bear was observing. After a time she spied the A. F. S. C. button on the coat of Goldilocks. She was all interest at once. She called the attention of Papa Bear and Mama Bear to it, connecting it up with Hoover and the child feeding in the Fatherland—their Fatherland.

And in the morning you wouldn't have known them for the same bears. They were as neighborly and pleasant as they had been bearish. Father Bear, whom we took to be a German university professor, seemed almost hilarious in good spirits,

as he laughed away down in his stomach somewhere in joking with Mama Bear and Little Bear. *He* was the spokesman of the family, now that an era of good feeling had been ushered in, and willingly, even eagerly, gave us information that was helpful. And after we had bade the three bears a cordial farewell and had departed from the train at Mainz-Castel, they sent a young fellow running after us with—what do you suppose—Goldilock's cane!

XVII

PAST THE "VINE-CLAD HILLS OF BINGEN"

CROSSING directly to the other side of the river to Mainz or Mayence, we had good time in which to make the morning boat for the regular trip down the Rhine. Attractive as is the Rhineland from Mayence to Coblenz, it was somewhat of an anti-climax to come to it directly from the heart of the rugged Alps. It is pretty rather than grand. What it lacks in grandeur, however, it makes up in mellowness of its literary and historical associations. Moreover, it almost made the shivers run up one's back to think how this historic stream upon which we were riding had been the synonym of bitter strife for a decade of centuries and more. As object lesson of this, Mayence, where we took boat, was occupied by the French; Coblenz, where we changed to the train, by the United States; and Cologne, the end of the day's journey, by the British. Three foreign powers keeping "Die Wacht am Rhine" so long kept by "Deutschland uber Alles."

But there were other memories more pleasant, more sweetly sorrowful. For one of the unspoken if not unconscious desires which led us down the Rhine was to pay our tribute of respect to that immortal soldier lad who lay dying, first, in Algiers,

but who later must have died a thousand and ten thousand deaths when executed in as many little red schoolhouses up and down the land. Eagerly, therefore, did we approach the "vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine," where, in the words of this, "a soldier of the Legion"—

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along: I heard, or seemed to hear
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still."

And there before us was Bingen, fair indeed, nestled among those selfsame vine-clad hills, where the Nahe flows into the Rhine.

Just a little farther down, in mid river, we passed the tower to which, according to tradition, cruel and grasping Bishop Hatto fled for refuge from his outraged people and where he was devoured by mice. Rather a gruesome tale of mice and men to be sure, and we hasten by—on past Oberwesel to the Lorelei, with whose tuneful air beginning German classes in this broad country of ours have long made the welkin ring. On the boat with us were some traveling musicians—at least they were traveling that day—who, as we proceeded down the river, played on their stringed instruments the airs befitting the historic scenes as we passed them in review. Thus did we have song and story in one accord.

Our ride convinced us of one thing—that to refer to "the castled Rhine" is no flight of fancy. A

finer collection of rare old castles has never been made than that of which the Rhineland boasts. We had expected to see a fine old castle ruin here and there along the river course but were hardly prepared to gaze upon an almost continuous succession of them as one panorama. The Rhine fairly bristles with them—at least that would have been the word to use in the old feudal days, when every castle harboured a robber knight or lord whose hand was heavy against his neighbor; when a man's home was indeed his castle and for very good reasons. But now, after the passing centuries, naught but the soft glow of the romantic and the artistic enwraps these sentinel ruins of the Rhine.

OLD GLORY UBER ALLES

Looking off to our right as we approached Coblenz, we were thrilled at the sight of the Stars and Stripes flying from the top of the mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, most impregnable perhaps of the defenses of the Rhine. For the United States not only occupies Coblenz on the left bank, but holds the bridge heads beyond, whatever that may mean, involving territory on the right bank to a depth of twenty miles.

Disembarking at Coblenz at about two in the afternoon, we found this interesting old town, situated at the junction of the Mosel and Rhine, (Coblenz is a corruption of confluence) to be teeming with Sammies in khaki. They were everywhere and seemed to be making themselves thoroughly at home among the friendly residents. It is not without significance that our army of occu-

pation at Coblenz recently contributed a large sum of money to be applied for the welfare of the German children.

ON THE LAST LAP TO LONDON

Eventide found us back at beautiful Cologne once more in which we wandered about under the shadow of the great Cathedral, awaiting the departure of a late train for Ostend. Again there were no beds to be had, so we slept sitting a second night on the way to London. On reaching Brussels next morning the writer got off for a breath of fresh air and to stretch out. Looking up from the platform, who should be leaning out of a window of our own car but Carolena M. Wood, who had come on from Berlin. She too was homeward bound by way of the Meeting for Sufferings.

A GOOD SAMARITAN SUCCORS US

After a quiet and uneventful passage of the Channel, Ostend to Dover, we reached London late that evening and were unable, after much effort, to find any room at the inns. This was rather disconcerting in view of the fact that for the past two nights we had slept in our boots. When it seemed that a third couchless night might be added as fitting preparation for the aforementioned meeting on the morrow, our Friend Albert Crossfield proved our Good Samaritan by taking us with him to his quiet, comfortable rooming place for the night.

And there was evening and there was morning, a fifth day. Selah.

XVIII

AN HONORED SURVIVAL

EARLY in these chapters we had something to say of the heavy hand of custom upon English people; of the persistence, the tenacity with which they hold to old habits, old institutions, old forms long after their raison d'etre has passed. These they maintain, as a fiction, rather than discard them for the direct action which new occasions demand. There is something to be said, however, for British conservatism as compared with the tendency of us Americans to throw off the old before it may have outlived its usefulness, and to rush to the new too hastily. Sometimes we have to retrace our steps.

An institution is not to be worshiped because it is hoary with age any more than it is to be despised for the same reason. Sometimes, moreover, an institution "comes back." We have such a one in mind. It is a British institution, an ecclesiastical one, using the term liberally, whose beginnings are to be found so far back as the seventeenth century. In all that time it has never ceased to function. At times it may have seemed that its name had become a misnomer. It had many children of the same name here in America, which, however, in the course of the generations, assumed new names such as Representative Meeting, Permanent Board, etc. But the old and

sometimes anomalous name persisted in England, until, within the past few years, time and tide have so come in again that this institution never functioned more in keeping with that name than now. It is the Meeting for Sufferings for London Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends.

It was established two centuries and a half ago by Fox himself for the purpose of relieving suffering wherever found, among people of whatsoever race, color or creed, whether that suffering be for truth's sake or for the material, physical necessities of life. Beginning in ministering to the needs of the hungry who thronged about its very door, the Meeting for Sufferings soon encircled the globe with its activities. Incidentally, to those who are inclined to minimize the social message of Quakerism, we commend for careful and thoughtful reading that admirable booklet, "Some Social Aspects of the Society of Friends in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," by Alice Heald Mendenhall. Too clearly to be questioned she shows from the life and work of Fox and his Quaker contemporaries and successors that " 'Social Service' was not only not new to Friends but that it was as old as the Society itself; and that 'Social Service' resulting from the promptings of the Holy Spirit is and always has been the very cornerstone of Quakerism."

PAST AND PRESENT

For weeks now, we had been visiting historic scenes in the British Isles and on the continent: the palaces and the haunts of kings; the castles

which had been the strongholds of lawless desire; battlefields upon which nations had risen and fallen and humanity been crucified; vaulting cathedrals in which the lowly Nazarene was worshiped with the formal pomp of circumstance and power. All these we had visited as one wanders through the corridors of the past.

When, on that morning early in September, we entered the Meeting for Sufferings, we were still paying our respects to the associations of the past; and a past that was sacred for the binding up of wounds inflicted by others. Right here at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, in the heart of old London, this institution had been meeting regularly since 1675 for the purpose of alleviating human suffering. But at the same time we felt ourselves to be in the presence of living realities. The past was glorified in the present.

A CLOSE-UP OF THE MEETING FOR SUFFERINGS

The Clerk kindly signalled us to a facing seat which accorded a vantage point of observation. We were confronted by a Yearly Meeting in miniature, or, we might say, in executive session. From here continually radiate those influences and that service which make London Yearly Meeting a spiritual power in the world. Every month these meetings are held, yet so important are they considered that members come in from all over the Yearly Meeting to attend them.

Sixteen different items were listed on the agenda for the consideration of the Meeting. They

included a wide range of suggestive subjects such as these: conscription of colored troops; lease of a warehouse; regulations governing liberation for service; appeal to the Government on matters relating to Ireland; treatment of inmates of county asylums; prospect of a struggle in coal trade; closer co-operation of committees engaged in international service; appeal in behalf of South African natives.

"ONLY GOD CAN HELP"

The first question to be considered was the case of the Lord Mayor of Cork who was then dying in Brixton prison. The deep sense of the impending crisis, the tragedy of the situation, was upon the Meeting. A young woman, prominent in the work of the Yearly Meeting, arose and quietly and with suppressed feeling recounted briefly the efforts which she and other representative Friends had put forth to influence the Government to adopt a policy of reconciliation. Having ministered in person to the wife and sister of the dying prisoner, to whom in a few minutes she was returning, she spoke, in soft and richly modulated voice, with an evident restraint that was more touching and eloquent than words can possibly describe. "Whatever we may think of the Lord Mayor's action," she said, "he is giving his life for an ideal of conscience and freedom. A recent message from him says that if anybody doubts the power of prayer, he no longer doubts it." As she was about to return to the ministry of sympathy, she bespoke the prayers of Friends. "The power of God is

seeking its way through all our plans and it is only because we have not gone deep enough that we have failed. *Only God can help.*" And she was gone.

THE LIVING PRESENCE

But not the vivid picture of her presence in that meeting. That was limned indelibly upon our consciousness—the most impressive of all pictures which we brought home from across the sea. As we beheld her standing there, hands resting on the back of the seat before her, eyes uplifted and suffused with the divine compassion, voice beautiful in its appeal for the suffering, the thought flashed home to us that in her we were privileged to behold the eloquent expression, the living embodiment, the breathing spirit of the Meeting for Sufferings in its two centuries and a half of Christian service.

How dearly would we have paid for the pleasure of the passing scene that would have cost us the witness of this incarnation of the spirit of Quakerism! Blessings upon my traveling companion!

XIX

COMPLETING CULTURE'S GARLAND

THERE remained two days, two whole days, before our sailing date. We were surfeited with seeing things, but there were two pilgrimages we must make, in conformance to the dictates of cultural hoyle. Already jaded and afflicted with sightseeing dyspepsia, we must yet pay our respects to education and genius, but, in the words of the man setting out to get gloriously drunk, how we did dread it! We must needs go to Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon.

TO BANBURY CROSS

We made one long day's journey of it. On the way the writer's enthusiasm was suddenly kindled on finding that there was a third and primary shrine which we could include in the trip, which was none other than Banbury of Banbury Cross fame. We fairly scandalized our literary traveling companion, Robert E. Pretlow, by exclaiming that we would rather see Banbury Cross than either Oxford or Stratford. And that's just the way we felt about it—and so feel now. Oxford and Stratford represent the aristocracy of intellect and genius. But they are not the Alpha nor the Omega. They are to be found in the spirit of a little child—the touchstone of life. The favored few find their way to Oxford, and the fewer still

to Stratford but all the world may go "ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross." Yesterday you and I fared forth gaily on father's saddle foot over the Banbury highway "to see a fine lady on a white horse;" today we are prancing over the same road with our children, to the same sparkle and music of the "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes;" and tomorrow, please God, we will return in the glow of the eventide with our children's children.

And what do we find at Banbury? The cross, the fine lady, the white horse—yes, all these and more: in the joy of little children we find the long-sought fountain of youth wherein the spirit of those who journey thither is kept young, and pure, and joyous, and wholesome. Oh, that the whole world might go, and ever go, to Banbury Cross!

Thus we journeyed in the zeal of pilgrims to Banbury. Arriving, we made our way to the old Cross at the center of the town, at the crossing of the roads. The signboard pointing in one direction read, "To Oxford," and that pointing in another read, "To Stratford." And the way thereto is by the Banbury road.

Having refreshed ourselves with Banbury cakes and buns and good, rich, Banbury milk, and having bought a Banbury dollie for the Banbury little one at home, we departed from this shrine of childhood's spirit.

Reaching Oxford, we accosted an old gentleman and asked him the way out to the University. "Out to the University!" he exclaimed, "why—

it's spread all over here!" Picking up as a guide a red-nosed, string-halted gentleman of frayed gentility, a "reader" in one of the colleges, we made a hurried survey of a few of the latter, rather specializing on New College, which is only six hundred years old! Our classical guide entertained us with a few stories of the College in keeping with its age no doubt, including that of its former head, the absent minded Dr. Spooner, who on taking train at the station kissed the porter and gave his wife a sixpence. Two things we recall seeing in the famous Bodleian Library: "Gutenberg's first printed Bible" and a prominently lettered sign bearing the admonition, "Please tread lightly and talk little." And in Oxford of all places—in classical Oxford where what they think today England does tomorrow—we ran afoul of a street carnival!

Stratford? Yes, in the late afternoon of a long day's journey we achieved Stratford, but as true of much of life's achievement, too wayworn and travel-soiled really to appreciate the goal when reached. A good allegory here, which we leave to the resourceful imagination of our readers while we make a drowsy night run back to London.

AND THEN WE STARTED HOME

It was the afternoon of our last day in London. There remained one thing that we had a definite concern to see. We had reserved it, unconsciously, to the last, in deference to its years. It was fitting that we close our tour of observation of things ancient by paying our respects to the dean of the

ancients. And so we went around to the British Museum and stood with bared head before the Rosetta Stone! And early next morning we took the first boat train for Southampton to sail for the land where everything is so fresh and new that the price mark is not yet worn off.

MOSTLY BETWEEN THE LINES

The passenger list of the Olympic showed fifty or more Friends aboard, with eager faces turned homeward. That is they were eager for the first day or so, after which eagerness was hardly a characteristic that could be applied to some—when husband and wife seemed to lose interest in each other's welfare, when loved ones at home were forgotten and when even the Unbidden Guest ceased to take notice. The printed log of the Olympic covering the voyage contained two significant words—"Uneasy sea." It was the truth but not the whole truth as uneasier Friends could testify. They probably felt as did the Irishman who had just landed after a terrible voyage. As he crawled on to terra firma his lack luster eyes fell upon a diver coming out, glistening, from the water. "Och," he muttered, "if I'd known it was going to be so rough I'd have walked meself!"

WE'SE BACK!

But the September day on which we sailed into New York Harbor was calm and bright and all were happy again. As we sailed past the Goddess of Liberty we could appreciate the words of the Negro trooper returning from service overseas

who called out to her, "You can take down your light—I'se back."

And now we are back, all back from this paper tour with the Editor which, thanks to the approval and encouragement given along the way by our travel followers, has been extended far beyond our original intention. This is the first of the kind we have ever conducted and it may be the last. Be that as it may we will never forget the hearty co-operation, the unfeigned enjoyment, the delightful companionship which have marked this tour of the Quaker Innocents Abroad.